





It's  
a little  
Lamb!

# Lamb's Tales

*Family Recollections  
by Mary Smalley Lamb*



## SECTION I

### Nov. 14th, 1973 . . . Mary Smalley Lamb

Some time ago I was urged to write some of the Memories of our family members, of grandparent's lives and where they had lived, their families, so that our own grandchildren may know something of events that led to their own immediate presence. I have delayed undertaking this, scarce knowing where to begin.

A large framed, beautifully-inscribed "Family Register" gives the information of my mother's parents as follows:

**Lewis Wise**, B. 1/13/1860, D. 4/10/1900 of pneumonia. Buried in Brick Cemetery.

**Lucinda Harter Wise**, B. 3/3/1860, D. 6/ /1941. Buried in Brick Cemetery.

Children of this marriage were:

**Bertha Mae Wise**, B. 11/13/1892, M. 12/31/1910 to Charles Everett Smalley, D. 1/4/1968.

**Olive Viola Wise**, B. 8/13/1894, M. 9/16/1916, to David Amburgey, D. 10/10/1965.

**Sarah Elizabeth Wise**, B. 6/8/1898, M. 6/12/1919 to Claude Conway.

Grandpa and Grandma Wise were of German Baptist families who came west to Indiana. Grandmother's great-grandfather, Andreas Harter, came to the New World aboard the small sailing vessel, "the Robert and Alice" out of Rotterdam, Holland. He took the Oath of Allegiance in Philadelphia, Penna., in 1742. His sons, Jacob, Christian, Frantz, Conrad and George, migrated to Virginia and then to Western Ohio, in Preble County, in the Eaton, O., vicinity, in 1820. Jacob died in Preble Co. in 1828 and is buried in the German Baptist Cemetery at Wheatville, Ohio.

Jacob Harter and Elizabeth Hautz were married in Franklin Co., Virginia, before coming to Ohio. Of their family, a son, Joseph C., married Catherine Heckman in Preble Co., Ohio, in October 1820.

Jacob Harter, son of Joseph C., was born Feb. 26, 1833, D. 2/14/1885 (buried in the Brick Cemetery near Hagerstown). Jacob married Elizabeth Needler Nov. 20, 1859 (born Nov. 12, 1841, D. Sept. 13, 1878).

### Joseph Harter and Catherine Heckman Harter

#### **Their Sons**

**Jacob** married Elizabeth Needler Harter

Lucinda (my grandmother)
Richard
Lewis
Matt
Levi
Mary Ann (Delaware)
Ellen (Morrison, of Palisades, Colo.)

**James Mattison**

**Clessen Buford**

My Grandfather Lewis Wise's grandparents had come to America from Germany and lived in the vicinity of Huntendon, Penn. Peter and Susan Miller Wise. A framed,



beautifully script "Birth Christening" record tells in German of the birth of their son, Daniel Wise, 2/2/1827, in Montgomery Co., Ohio. He was christened 3/22/1827, by Heinrick Neinicke, Minister, with godparents witnessing, Jacob Wise and his wife Elizabeth, an uncle and aunt.

Daniel Wise married Susan Shultz Mar. 31, 1850. Their farm was just north of Petersburg, in the rural square south of White Branch Church of the Brethren. Mary Elizabeth (Aunt Mary Bales for whom I was named), Christina, Lewis Wise (my grandfather), Martin Wise, Sarah Ann, Henry S. and Levi grew up in this rural Brethren community, "German Baptists" until the Annual Conference of 1920 chose to adopt "Church of the Brethren."

After marrying, Lewis and Lucinda Harter Wise purchased a farm near Middletown, Indiana, and attended the Upper Fall Creek Church of the Brethren. Henry S. Wise and Mary Ellen (Lewis) Wise purchased property in the north edge of Middletown near the Fairgrounds. How I loved to visit Uncle Henry and Aunt Ellen at fair time. The Ashland storekeeper would swing a red lantern and stop the train so I might climb aboard with my suitcase. One of the loved cousins, either Martin or Clarence, would be waiting when the train stopped at the Middletown station and the porter lifted me down the steps.

Grandfather Lewis Wise had sold his farm and relocated in Liberty Twp., Henry Co., four miles east of New Castle, Ind. Here their family worked hard at self-sufficiency. But tragedy came in early 1900 when he was taken ill and left Grandmother with Bertha, 8, Olive, 6, and "Lizzie," not quite two years old.

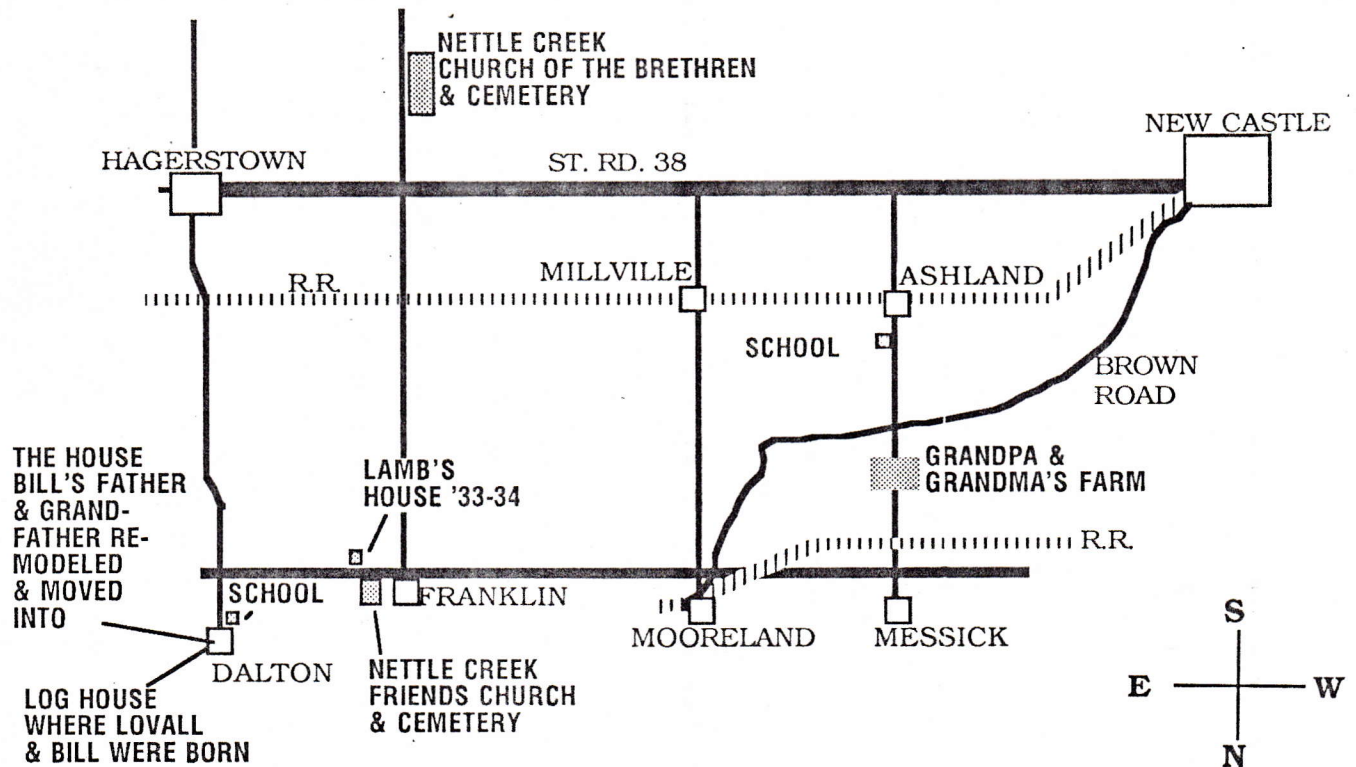
About this same time, another Brethren family lost the mother. And so it came about, in 1902, that Lucinda Wise married George Mahoney and he brought his three children to the farm, Frank, Oliver and Ellie. Frank soon married Mable Wilkinson and moved to New Castle, where, for a time, they had a grocery store on "the Ridge" on E. Broad St. Ellie married Lowell Felton and a house was built for Ollie in the orchard near the curve in Messick Road on Grandmother's farm.

In 1909 or 10, two brothers came to the community seeking farm work. They were from an Ohio Brethren family living in the hill country between Hillsboro and Peebles, Ohio. Charles Everett Smalley stayed to help Grandpa Mahoney. He and Mother, Bertha Smalley, were married Dec. 31, 1910. It was an unhappy marriage that lasted only seven months. They had moved to a tenant farm on the Brown Road, setting up housekeeping and he working as a farm hand on the John Ball farm.

When Everett left and didn't return, Grandpa and Grandma helped Mother to move back to the farm to live. It was there I was born Nov. 14, 1911, a day late to be a birthday present for Mother's 19th birthday. So it was that the love of animals grew with me as I came to love life on the farm.

Everyone had their chores to do. I can remember when Grandpa lifted me atop the bushel farm basket of corn and carried basket and girl on his elbow to let her help feed the pigs. How vivid is the memory of the time I could clasp the edge of the kitchen table and, standing on my tip-toes, could see across it, the old ironware sugar bowl, the glass spoon holder, the pat of homemade butter in the covered glass dish and the salt crock. This same table is now used in Donna's dining room.





It was horse and buggy days. "Old Belle" was used both in the fields and to pull the open front buggy or the "storm buggy," or the fringed top carriage. There were other horses, usually a beautifully matched black team, and a team of mules for the heavier farm work.

Every Friday, rain or shine, Old Belle was hitched to a covered spring wagon. It was "Peddle Day." Butter had been churned and carefully molded into flower-topped pound pats and wrapped in wax paper, sometimes as many as sixty pounds. Cream, both sweet and sour in pint glass bottles, schmeircase (cottage cheese) was packaged dry and also mixed with sweet cream and put in quart granite buckets with tin lids. Fresh eggs, freshly-dressed chickens or sometimes duck and geese at holiday time. In the spring, there would be counted out string-tied stalks of rhubarb, green onions, sacks of tender green lettuce and other vegetables yielded through the summer from a large garden and larger truck patch. Strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, plums and apples, in season. Fresh pork or beef at butchering time.

How I loved to perch on the stool beside Grandmother and go with her on Peddle Day. What fun it was to try to ring the hand bell when Old Belle stopped at a customer's house. She knew the route quite well as many of Grandmother's customers remained steady purchasers of her wares (even after I was married and Mother had taken over the Peddle Day routine). Cold winter days, Grandma would put soap stones, hot from off the back of the "hard coal burner" on the wagon floor, and a lighted lantern between our stools, and a lap robe tucked around us.

So many memories come crowding through my mind. The long rope swing in the apple tree, kittens to dress in my doll's clothes and pull in a little wooden wagon with sideboard, with "Old Duke," a big white shaggy long-haired dog that seemed almost like a pony to me then, and "Buster," just a short-haired tan mongrel stray — so protecting and ever at my side when I was out of doors. Mother hens clucking to newly-hatched baby chicks and tucking them to sleep under her wings! How soft and downy they were, and the yellow-billed ducklings, the tawny goslings! The little



Hampshire pigs nuzzling greedily as the mother laid on her side and gruntingly suffered their mealtimes, after Grandpa had clipped off the tips of their needle-sharp baby teeth! I felt so sorry for them, they squealed so and Mother's grunts grew quite frantic and threatening. What a relief when the dentistry operation was over and the babies were safely back in their straw nests of the hog houses. Most of all amusing were the wobbly-legged new little lambs. How they frisked and romped, their tails jerking so happily as they nuzzled to nurse.

Aunt Olive was working at a bank in New Castle and rooming with an Allen family. She became acquainted with David Amburgay, who was selling aluminum ware, and they were married in September 1916. That had been an eventful year. Early in the spring, Mother and I had gone on the train to Sleepyeye, Minn., to see some favorite cousins, John and Josie VanGordon. I'd grown bold enough, after awhile, to wander a few seats from Mother on the Pullman car. The train stopped and to my alarm, two Negro gentlemen came to occupy the seat facing the one where I was sitting mothering my favorite doll child. I'm sure now they were quite nice and just being friendly when one reached out and asked if he might hold her for me. As you can guess, a very frightened little girl stayed close by her mother's side all the rest of the way. I don't remember much of the trip, really, but that. Lighted towns breaking the blackness of the night, the fried chicken and supper food packed in the shoe box, eaten on the way . . . the carriage and four matched horses that took us to the cousin's farm and to a neighborhood party.

Then, there were handsome young men coming in shiny buggies to take Aunt Olive or Aunt Lizzie driving. How pretty they had looked, dressed in starched lawn waists and slender ankle-length skirts, or other dresses might be of an iridescent taffeta, that was one color, and then another, as the light changed on it with movement, or of pin stripe with a pretty lace collar and cuff.

At last the wedding day came in early fall. Mother and I had gone with Aunt Olive and David Amburgay on the Interurban trolley car to Indianapolis, where they were married in a parsonage. I remember only the ride on the car and the large punch bowl of salad made of orange sections and sliced bananas, sweetened to sheer ambrosia, to a sleepy little blonde pigtailed girl!

For awhile, Aunt Olive and Uncle David lived in New Castle and I had cousins Violet and Guy, children of a first marriage for Uncle David. They had come from Kentucky to live with their father. Violet was enough older that she liked to mother me, and Guy was like the brother I'd always wished for. Their move to a farm north of Messick brought more frequent occasions that we could play together.

There was so much love in the Amburgey home that I began to miss the father relationship in my own home life. At Christmas time, I'd said that a father was all I wanted for Christmas, and wondered at Mother's tears, as I'd asked for the one thing she couldn't give me. No one knew yet then where my father was.

In 1913, there was a kidnapping of a little girl, Catherine Winters, in New Castle, daughter of a dentist. There was much speculation as to what might have happened to her. Gypsy wagons had been in the Henry Co. area and some thought the Gypsies had carried her away. It is still a mystery no one has solved. But it caused a surge of terror in my subconscious that stayed with me even through my teenage years. I had gone with Grandpa and Grandma one day in the buggy to visit a cousin of grandmother's at



their farm in the New Lisbon vicinity. As I sat on their porch playing with their little terrier, I'd overheard Grandmother and Mrs. Laudig speculating about what had happened to Catherine Winters and if she would ever be found. Then Grandmother said they had been afraid my father might come and take me away with him. He became a faceless, frightening spectre, always just behind me, ready to grab me up and take me away. Nighttimes were filled with bad dreams and Mother would waken at my screams and comfort me, but never found out what the cause was.

The one thing that eased this terror to an increasing degree through the years was a precious truth instilled in my heart one Sunday when Uncle David and Aunt Olive stopped their horse and carriage at the drive of Grandmother's home and let me climb up into the back seat of their horse-drawn carriage to go to New Castle to church with them.

The Church of God Assembly was meeting in store rooms along the north side of Broad Street, across from the Court House. I don't remember much of the service, just that I'd gone with Violet and Guy behind a curtain in the back part of the store room where someone was telling the children stories from the Bible. The thought that there was a Father in Heaven that loved me, and would watch over me, became so treasured a thought and so real to me!

Just south of Grandmother's front porch was a cherry tree I could climb into and a saddle-like place where the trunk branched into tree limbs became "my Father's lap." I'd loved to slip away and climb into the tree and talk to Him, feeling the warmth of the sunshine on my back like the warmth of his love around me. My pet ducks would wait for me in the grass under the tree and often, there, too, would be a gray woven reed doll buggy with a kitten dressed in doll clothes, patiently suffering the indignity and curled up to snooze.

Then came days when things were happening I couldn't understand. Mother would have to go away and wouldn't take me with her. Instead, she'd take the china-headed soft-bodied doll down from up in the front bedroom wardrobe and give it to me to play with while she was away.

I'd cried so hard that she did take me along the next time. And I can recall an immense room and being left on a bench while Mother was at the front of the room as first one, and then another, rose to talk. I'd spied my Grandfather Smalley sitting on a nearby bench and had slipped over to sit by him. Years later, I'd realized this remembered time was when authorities had found my father and brought him back, from Virginia to Henry Co., for a divorce trial, when I was three years old.

I'd waken in the night just then and hear Mother sobbing. She'd tell me she had a toothache but I'd sense it was a heart aching most of all! "Even this shall pass away," the Bible says of trials. Life was too busy on the farm to allow much time for brooding! Up at 4 A.M. in spring and summer seasons for planting and tending and harvesting garden and field crops, endless canning and preserving to fill winter sustenance shelves with vegetables and fruits, bins with potatoes and sweet potatoes, onions, celery stalks, cabbage heads, apples and pears carefully picked and wrapped to last well beyond Christmas time in the storage cellar, popcorn dried and shelled for winter evening treats. The smoke house would be filled with hams and shoulders, sides of bacon curing in the faithfully-tended hickory fire smoke. Later, the meat was rubbed



with a mixture of brown sugar and salt and wrapped carefully to season inside cloth bags hanging from an attic ceiling.

How good neighbors were to help each other in the early 1900s. At hay-making time, they would band together and go from farm to farm, hurrying to get hay crops mowed away before rain came. It would be pitched by big fork mounds onto a big wagon with hay racks at the front and back. There would be one or more men on the wagon to load the fork fulls evenly in place so the wagons would not tip so easily on uneven ground.

When the wagons were filled they were pulled to the barns where a horse to a rope would wait until a big metal fork was pulled down from a pulley at the door to the haymow. When the fork was securely fastened into hay on the wagon, to raise the fork load to the barn mow where it would swing into a track, over the barn loft to carry the hay to be mowed away for winter feeding to horses and cattle, and sheep.

Meanwhile the farm women gathered together too following the hay or harvesting efforts, and would share vegetable and fruit resources to prepare such enormous meals for weary men folk. Children were given tin lidded buckets to carry full of cool drinking water to thirsty men working in the field, or perhaps it would be a gallon jug of water if one was big enough to carry so much. But the biggest thrill of all was to get big enough to ride the horse that pulled the hay up into the mow, and to be trusted to stop at just the right time for it to be released and dropped on target for the mowing away crew. Later an even bigger thrill was being trusted to drive the horses to the hay wagon. A big "hay loader" was perfected that picked up tedded rows of hay and rolled it over into the hay wagons. Four horses, two teams, were used then to pull the wagons. To be trusted to manage the two sets of reins was the ultimate of thrills, that did come later for me as I grew into a "pig-tailed farm girl."

When I was four years old Grandpa Mahoney got the automobile fever and bought a Maxwell touring car. What fun to go for a ride bumping along the narrow gravelled country roads, at the unheard of speed of 20 miles an hour. Someone getting up to 30 M.P.H. was said to be "trying to commit suicide." Mother and Aunt Lizzie learned to drive too. But my greatest joy was to watch and go with Grandpa whenever the car went anywhere. My coat hung on a chair by the dining room door and folks teased me that I'd run so fast when I heard the car start that my pigtails stuck straight out from behind me, and Grandpa very seldom got away without me. Once he thought he had, and he'd got out of the car at a neighbors, telling Clarence that for once he'd got away without Mary, and just then I'd crawled out from under the lap robe hanging on the back of the front seat — blue eyes full of mischief.

So the days at Grandpa and Grandma Mahoney's flew by. The little pigs too weak to get their share of the mother's milk were given to Mary to feed with a bottle, and the little lambs the mother's wouldn't let nurse. Chickens to feed, eggs to gather, weeds to hoe, potatoes to drop, riding on the back of the tomato planter dropping plants from the hotbeds into rows, setting sweet potato plants in the furrowed-up ridges, picking dandelion greens and cleaning and washing them, picking and shelling the endless dishpans of new peas at canning time, then green beans to break, berries to pick from along the garden fence rows, gooseberries along the truck patch fences, raspberries and blackberries in Uncle Marcus and Aunt Matt Keever's woods north of Hagerstown.



Lots of cherries to pick, on trees at home and at Uncle Richard Harter's, at his farm southwest of Charlottesville. Each season was full of special tasks!

Wheat and oats harvest times were especially interesting. What a thrill to hear the steam whistle and see the old threshing machine being pulled up the road to the place on the farm set aside for the straw stack where cattle could huddle in the winter to keep warm and find food for munching cuds. Here they would unhook the separator and chock its wheels, then attach a long belt between it and the steam engine, over big pulleys at the side. Wagons would be pulling up along side to bring sheaves of grain from wheat or oats shocks in the field, and to feed them into the separator which stripped out the grain kernels into a big grain wagon, blowing the straw up "the blower," a long galvanized tube, shifted from side to side as the "separator man" shaped the blowing straw into a rounded stack.

The water wagon was kept busy filling the boiler. Water was pumped into the wagon through a hose dropped into a creek, or into a watering trough for animals (pumped full by a gasoline engine.) But to get it pumped into the water wagon the wagon man pulled a big iron lever back and forth to run the wagon mounted pump and fill its tank. When the steam engine's boiler was filled and "pressure up" it would "pop off," then the wagon man would hurry around and "close the damper" to hold the heat and keep the engine running as long as possible, with the least amount of water possible. It was hard work!

When the grain wagon was full and grain showing rounded over the top of the bed, the driver climbed up on the high perch of the spring seat on top and clucked to his horses to be off on the way to the elevator. Grandpa usually took his grain north to the elevator along the railroad tracks at Messick. How I loved going with Grandpa on the grain wagon, seeing the wagon weighed on the big scales after the team had been unhitched, then wheels were locked in place, a rope through a pulley attached to a wagon tongue to lift the front of the wagon and let the grain roll out the back, where tailgate boards were removed, to drop the grain onto conveyor belts to lift it up into the elevator. This was a rather awesome frightening process to a little pigtailed girl! But very intriguing.

Noon time was a welcome respite. There was an outside washbox, with enamel wash basin, a bucket of water to be dipped for washing, with a cake of soap handy and a "roller towel." Then a few moments to rest in the shade of a nearby tree and exchange farm news, talk of their horses, maybe a new matched team traded for, and planning to work as the threshing machine moved on through the community "threshing ring" from farm to farm. The call to dinner was a welcome one and the long tables were loaded with many kinds of hearty meats, ham, friend chicken, chicken and dumplings or home made noodles, mashed potatoes, candied sweet potatoes, wilted lettuce, new creamed peas, pickled beets, sweet pickles, bread and butter pickles, homemade bread, biscuits, corn bread. Then waiting were fruit dishes, tapioca custards, pies of all kinds and big three layer cakes. Cold pitchers of lemonade were soon emptied refilled and emptied again, as a thirsty crew kept one or two persons busy filling glasses. The children had to wait till the table "was cleared" and reset and weary womenfolk sat down with them to be refreshed, and to catch up on family news in the neighborhood.



When all the grain was "thrashed," one evening was set for the "thrasher's meeting." Ice cream freezers were gathered together, several 100 lb. chunk of ice were broken into bits, the freezer cranks turned by eager young hands, as the farm women set out homemade cakes and cookies and gave her family their table service items from their big homemade baskets. What a feasting time it was! Also a settling up time with the owner of the threshing machine,

Already it was County Fair time. There were fairgrounds at the east edge of New Castle between the "Brown Road" and the "Hagerstown Road," now St. Rd. 38. There was horse racing, balloon ascensions, midway shows, candy and popcorn, and ades to drink. Such a forest of big people that a little girl was ready to go at last back to the automobile to go home. So many experiences crowded into one day! The Muncie Fair week followed, and the Connersville "free" Fair. Going those great distances meant getting up real early to get farm chores done, a basket of friend chicken and picnic fare to eat and an endless drive it seemed to get there. The tablecloth hurriedly was spread in the shade of the tree and picnic lunch enjoyed, so as much time as possible could be spent seeing all the quilts and handmade items, the vegetable displays and canned goods being judged, the prize fowl, hogs, cattle, sheep, and pets entered in competition for blue ribbons. Always there were new things on display for the home and farm to make life a little easier and more pleasant. How we'd dream of "some day" having water in the house, a light you pulled on with a string, and maybe some day a bathroom!"

Most of all I'd loved going to the Middletown Fair and sometimes getting to spend the week with Uncle Henry and Aunt Ellie, Martin and Clarence Wise. But that was much later when I was 8-13.

Now it was time to go to school. I'd so yearned for that time to come! I started in Sept. 1916. Cletus Mahoney was staying with Grandpa and Grandma too, while his father and mother "ran their grocery store." When the weather was nice we walked about the three fourths of a mile to the Ashland school. Rainy days someone took us in the "storm buggy," and in the sleigh when there was snow enough.

The little red school house had two rooms and was heated with a big round stove in the front left corner of the room in the 1-4 north room, the right rear corner in the grades 5 through eight room. My first grade teacher was Miss Mulberry, quite skilled in keeping order with a minimum of discipline problems, interested in each of her pupils. We were drilled in phonics and word foundation, numbers and addition and subtraction, a love for reading deeply instilled.

The first World War overshadowed every home. Uncle Ollie Mahoney marched with his group through a New Castle Broad Street parade and was off from the train station for France. There was a window emblem for almost every home, some having two or three stars to indicate the number of sons serving their country. It was a very anxious time. Epidemics of diseases swept the country. Neighbors helped one another when there was illness, food was shared when times grew lean. Such a sweep of "the gripe" swept through the land, keeping doctors and all available nursing help busy. Whole families would be afflicted and too ill, neighbors would do their chores and farm work until at last weak and pale they were able to begin coping again.

I was quite ill just then, such high fever, my nose bleeding one afternoon so long they were afraid of losing me. A call was made on the hand cranked telephone, two



short rings for Charlie and Lizzie Loer's home the fourth house north of Grandmother's. Charlie was well-known for his ability to stop bleeding. Lizzie answered the phone this particular time and said she would tell Charlie, he was coming in from the barn just then. In about the time it would have taken him to get his Bible and read a passage of scripture, (Ezekiel Chapt. 16:6, read silently three times) the nose bleeding had finally stopped. We had faith in his intercession in such crises! Whether it was a person, or a creature that was injured and bleeding, two short rings on the telephone would give relief. It had so often through the years.

The illness had taken a toll though and folks said of Mary, "she doesn't grow, she's no bigger than a cake of soap after a weeks' washing." Grandmother undertook intercession then with the age old cure for the "little growth," which was periodic measuring with a piece of string which was hung on the gate hinge. When the hinge wore the string in two, the ailment would be gone. Such was the folklore of the time when our grandparents grew up and it was difficult to get prompt medical help. But lots of sunshine, exercise and good food eventually solved the problem and brought back color and energy to a bonehurting little body.

The Liberty Township Homemaker's Club meetings were a source of instruction in crocheting and needle work. Grandmother taught the piecing of nine patch blocks with tiny stitches. Every girl must learn to sew, make quilts, and fine embroidered things for a hope chest. Birthday and Christmas gifts were a dish, or item for the chest. 4-H in later grade school years helped with sewing skills and learning fabric care.

Now mother's youngest sister Elizabeth was married to Claud Conway, and Herschel, Howard, and then Edna came to their home. How much loved were the times I could go home with Aunt Lizzie and help to care for the little ones. Or — go to visit the Amburgeys and help to care for Herman, then Viola, and Alma Lee.

By this time graduation from Ashland and entrance in New Castle High School had brought changes in needs and outlook. The long plait of hair was an unbearable millstone and, after much coaxing, finally permission was given for shorn locks. The plait was carefully saved, tied with a ribbon and folded away in a box. The little pig-tailed girl was growing up. Best friends from Ashland School were best friends still as we rode now in motor school buses to the Ashland school, then were taken on the "High School Bus" to N.H.S. How fast the four busy school years flew by!

In April 1928 "best friend" Evelyn Misener said her cousin Lizzie Hutson wanted her to date a cousin of Lizzie's, a Bill Lamb from Dalton, but she "wouldn't go unless I would go too." So the cousin planned to bring a Hagerstown boy along, and we'd go to Mt. Summit to the Senior School Play. When the night came, tho', the cousin's friend was ill with a bad cold so Bill gallantly went for Evelyn at her home in Ashland, and then came to pick me up in his little '26 Model T roadster. Lizzie Hutson and her date Francis Griener joined the party, leading the way in Francis's Ford coupe.

At school next day I'd asked Evelyn how she'd liked her date. She'd thought "he was very nice and fun to be with but she was taller than he, and didn't think she'd go out with him again." So the following Saturday Bill asked Lizzie to ask me if I would be his date. Somehow we seemed to know even then we were meant for each other. Yet it didn't fit into the plans I'd made and worked towards. How hard I'd worked to keep my grade average high so that I might win a scholarship and go on to college, wanting to earn both a teaching and medical degree so that I might serve as a missionary. This



ambition had grown after reading an old book found in an attic trunk of Dr. Livingstone's adventures in Africa, being given up for lost, and found caring for native people in a remote area when Stanley had made a long journey in search and found him at long last. Over and over I'd read that heavy book dreaming about the noble giving of himself that others might have a better life and medical care, that had been Dr. Livingstone's life.

There was an effort to end the relationship that was becoming too dear, but Bill Lamb wouldn't listen. We'd both shed some tears and made another date. The little roadster continued scooting over the washboard roads from Dalton way, and gave me an added incentive for study to keep up those grades. When I wanted to especially remember something for a test coming up, a kiss would seal it in Memory! A diamond on my finger at Christmastime of Senior year and I heard the medley, "Mary Had a Little Lamb" everywhere! While Bill's friends teased him with, "Can She Bake a Cherry Pie, Billy Boy, Billy Boy? Can she bake a cherry pie, charming Billy?"

Bill was able to rent the tenant house on the Walter and Mary Clapper farm just east of White Branch Church, south from the little crossroads town of Franklin. We'd gone to Schuffman's Furniture store and bought a modest supply of furniture. Grandpa Lamb came from Dalton with his horse and plow and readied our garden for planting. So, by Graduation Day from NHS in May of 1929 (Decoration Day Weekend), our house was furnished, the garden planted and Bill had Thursday, Friday and Saturday off from work at the Perfect Circle plant. He was to pick Mother and I up at 7 a.m. Decoration Day so we could be at Elder Lewis Teetor's home for an 8 a.m. quiet wedding service before Rev. Teetor had to leave to participate in Decoration Day services.

It was a heavenly spring day, sky so blue, not a cloud anywhere. We felt it a good omen, as we'd gathered mock orange blossoms from Mother's beautifully-petalled bush over the garden gate. I wore my white georgette crepe graduation dress, Bill a brown-striped suit, and Mother her Sunday best. It was the happiest of days and we'd gone on to Dalton. Mother Lamb remembers too that she'd had chicken and home made noodles for us that day, cooked in the iron pot on the wood-burning range. There was new lettuce from the garden, homemade bread, fresh-churned butter and so many other good things she'd prepared to please us. Bill's family became the "whole family" I'd longed for, the brothers and sisters I'd always wanted. Love for each one has grown deeper through the years since that May 30th, 1929, special date.

One thing, though, remained disappointing — a nervous trait was always causing me to make a mess right when I wanted most to have something especially neat and nice. But, of course, my initials as Mary Elizabeth Smalley were MES! Maybe changing it to M.E.L. would be the magic I so hoped it might be. But, alas, I still had my "one track" mind and when startled or disturbed in my trend of thought, inevitably I continued to drop, or spill, or spoil things! An involuntary reaction Bill thought quite amusing.



## Section II, His Father's Family

### William Newton Lamb, His Story as told by Mother Bertha in 1973

Son of Thomas Lamb, grandson of Henry Lamb, great-grandson of Henry Lamb.

B. Randolph Co., N. Carolina, Feb. 13, 1784; m. Massa Adams, 1806, daughter of Enos and Mary (Love) Adamson.

**Thomas Lamb** came to North Carolina in the early 1800s and migrated to Indiana around 1828. Great-great-grandfather of William N. Lamb, he came first to Blue River Township in Henry County, then to Wayne County, Dalton Township. Of his family, **Kendall Lamb** (b. July 15, 1814), married a **Mary Jane Burgess**, daughter of John and Rachel Burgess.

Their children were

1. **Amanda Lamb**, b. June 16, 1838
2. second daughter, b. Aug. 10, 1839
3. third daughter, b. Jan. 14, 1840
4. **Eliza Ann**, b. Aug. 3, 1842, d. Dec. 16, 1845
5. **William Martin**, b. Aug. 23, 1845, d. April 18, 1934
6. **Rachel Lamb**, b. June 3, 1848, didn't live.
7. **Rebecca Lamb**, b. Nov. 1, 1850, didn't live
8. **John C. Lamb**, b. Sept. 6, 1853, d. Nov. 1932
9. **Emily Lamb**, b. July 9, 1856,

Kendall & Jane's fifth child, **William Martin Lamb**, married **Caroline Allen** on Feb. 1, 1872 (b. Dec. 9, 1850, d. April 21, 1908), daughter of Simon and Hannah Allen. (Her mother was a sister to Mother Bertha Lamb's great-grandmother Chamness.) Caroline Allen Lamb was the twelfth of a family of sixteen children, as listed.

1. **Ruth Allen**, June 18, 1834
2. **Milton Allen**, Dec. 4, 1835
3. **Joseph Allen**, June 17, 1837
4. **Franklin Allen**, Sept. 19, 1838
5. **Mary Allen**, Jan. 20, 1840
6. **David Allen**, July 24, 1841
7. **Dinah Allen**, March 11, 1843
8. **Newton Allen**, Aug. 8, 1844
9. **Elizabeth Allen**, May 7, 1846
10. **Rachel Allen**, Oct. 20, 1847
11. **Eunis Allen**, Jan. 17, 1849
12. **Caroline Allen**, Dec. 9, 1850
13. **Hannah Allen**, April 3, 1852
14. **Zeno Allen**, March 17, 1854
15. **George Allen**, Oct. 30, 1855
16. **Zula Ann Allen**, Nov. 6, 1859.

**Lynn Beeson's** father was **Thomas Lamb**. Lynn Beeson was Fred's mother. Grandpa Lamb's father, **Kendall Lamb**, was brother of **Thomas Lamb**. This is how they are related to the Beeson family. Great-great-grandfather was also a **Thomas Lamb**.



## Lamb Family Genealogy

### Thomas Lamb and Massa Lamb's Family

#### 1. Jonathan Lamb

m. **Anna Shaddock** Nov. 26, 1826 (Seven children, cared for by Thomas and Mary after parents early death)

a. **Dicy D. Lamb**, b. Nov. 29, 1829. m. to **William Thompson**, May 13, 1856 in Henry Co. One child, **John Thompson**, b. 1861, d. Feb. 8, 1934. Buried: Nettle Creek Friends Cemetery

b. **Samuel Lamb**, b. Mar. 15, 1835, d. Oct. 3, 1908; buried: Mooreland Cemetery; m. to **Sarah Allie Payne** in 1867 (daughter of John and Sarah Wilson Payne).

c. **Thomas Clarkson Lamb**, b. 1841, d. 1916; buried: Ulrich Cemetery; m. **Barbara Hoover** (1842-1937) (daughter of George and Barbara Hoover).

d. **Mary Ann Lamb**, b. 1830s.

e. **Alma Lamb**

f. **Marshall Lamb**, m. and lived for awhile in Wayne Co.

g. **Sarah Elizabeth Lamb**, b. 1849, d. 1930; m. \_\_\_ **Mendenhall**; buried next to brother Samuel (b) in Mooreland Cemetery.

2. **Rebecca Lamb**, b. Randolph Co., N. Carolina, Feb. 23, 1810; d. Henry Co., Ind., Dec. 2, 1876; m. **Isaac Kersey Beeson** May 28, 1828 (son of Seth and Alice Kersey Beeson), moved to Parke Co., Ind., in 1845 where Isaac died in 1847. Rebecca returned to Henry Co. in 1856; and in 1856 married **Joseph Cory** (1790-1872), a widower with children.

Children of Isaac and Rebecca:

a. **Emily Louisa Beeson**, b. July 25, 1829, m. \_\_\_ **Moore**, in Parke Co., Ind.

b. **Massa Beeson**, b. March 31, 1833, d. 1922; m. June 8, 1851, to her first cousin, **Daniel Lamb** (1834-1917), son of Samuel and Susanna (Thompson) Lamb; three children —

b1. **Evalina Lamb**, b. March 19, 1852, d. 1933; m. April 6, 1872 to **Daniel Devore**, had two sons, **Orpheus Devore** (1873-1948) buried with parents at Nettle Creek; **Willie Devore** (1884-1963); m. **Leetha Harry** (daughter of Marquis and Matilda Canady Harry), had one son, **Rex Devore** (b. 1906).

b2. **Seth Lamb**, b. 1854, d. May 27, 1931; m. **Mary Jane Stafford**. Several children. Buried in Nettle Creek Friends Cemetery.

b3. **Thomas Beeson**, b. Randolph Co., N. Carolina; d. April 30, 1835; m. **Deborah Strode**, dau. of James and Mary Ann Roe Strode. Two daughters, **Sarah A.** and **Mary A. Beeson**.

b4. **Alice Beeson**

b5. **David Beeson**

b6. **Elizabeth Beeson**, m. **Adam Cory**, son of Daniel and Mary Howard Cory. b. Sept. 5, 1842; d April 9, 1858. Three daughters, **Mary Alice**, **Rebecca Jane** and **Ida May**.

3. **Samuel Lamb**, came to Henry Co. in 1834; m. ?, 5 children.

a. **Massa Lamb**, b. Feb. 22, 1831; d. May 16, 1891; m. **Reuben Chamness**, son of Joseph and Susannah Reynolds Chamness; two children, **Martha Chamness** and **Nelson Chamness**.

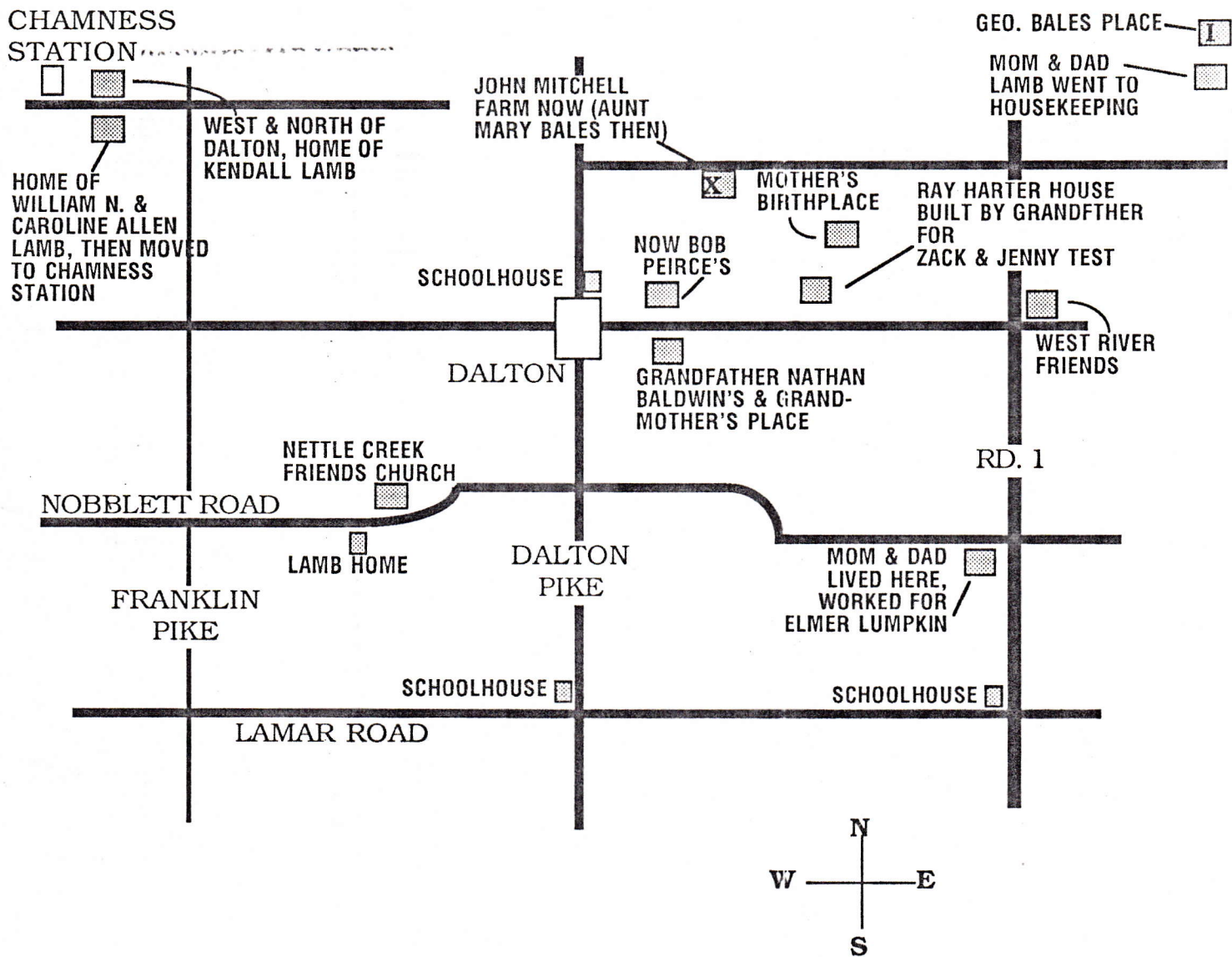
b. **Olivia Lamb**

c. **Daniel Lamb**, m. first cousin **Massa Beeson** (2b).

d. **Mahala Lamb**

e. **Thomas Clarkson Lamb**, b. Oct. 14, 1839; d. Jan 1, 1922; m. **Harriett Woody**, three children, **Flora May**, **Linden Elsworth Lamb**, **Nelson Ulysses Lamb**.





Kendall and Jane Lamb lived north and west of Dalton near the Nettle Creek stream. William M. and Caroline's first home was nearby. Later they had moved to "Chamness Station" and then to the first house south of Mooreland, renting a farm there. (It was here Harve Lamb, Bill's father, was born.)

**William M. & Caroline's family** were as follows:

1. **Nora / Sonore Lamb** , b. June 27, 1873; d. June 14, 1949.
2. **Harve Lamb** b. Dec. 6, 1875; d. March 10, 1938
- 3&4, **twins: Frank and Emma B.**, b. Dec. 8, 1878; d. Sept. 10 and 11, (respectively) 1879.
5. **Della Lamb**, b. Oct. 9, 1880; d. Aug. 9, 1948.
6. **Ernest Lamb**, b. Oct. 3, 1884; d. Dec. 6, 1972.

When the children were small, William and Caroline went to Alabama to live, near the mouth of the "Trenton Cave" that went clear through the mountain in north Alabama. When they returned to Indiana they again located on a farm near Chamness Station, then rented and moved to the "Aunt Mary Bales" farm (now the John Mitchell farm northeast of Dalton [x]).



Of this family, Harve Lamb married Bertha Baldwin on March 10, 1904. She was the daughter of Jabez Newton Baldwin and Ruth Reynolds Baldwin.

Their family was as follows:

1. **Dillon Baldwin**, b. May 11, 1879; d. June 9, 1968; m. **Alice Thornburg**.
2. **Harvey Baldwin**, b. June 13, 1881; d. Jan. 10, 1912; never married.
3. **Bertha Baldwin**, b. July 5, 1883; d. Oct. 1, 1980; m. March 10, 1904, to **Harve Lamb**, b. Dec. 6, 1875; d. March 10, 1938.
4. **Irvin Baldwin**, b. July 7, 1886; d. Dec. 21, 1962; m. on March 10, 1910 to **Mary Hammond**, b. \_\_\_\_; d. 1968.
5. **Mary Baldwin**, b. Nov. 23, 1888; d. \_\_\_\_; m. **Bert Trout**.
6. **Nathan Ernest Baldwin**, b. Dec. 14, 1891; d. July 2, 1961.
7. **Earl Baldwin**, b. Jan. 5, 1892; d. Jan. 1990; m. on Nov. 4, 1992, to **Anne McConnaghay**, b. \_\_\_\_; d. \_\_\_\_.
8. **Ethel Baldwin**, b. April 7, 1897; d. Sept. 28, 1948; m. **Oscar Hudson** of Pittsburgh, Pa., Paul's father.

Ruth Reynolds' brothers and sisters.

**Susannah**  
**Ella**  
**Asenith**  
**Isabelle**  
**Cyrus**  
**Jessie**  
**Daniel**  
**Winlock**

**Nathan Baldwin** came from North Carolina and settled near Dalton in 1830 or 1831.

**The great-great-grandfather of Bertha Lamb, \_\_\_\_ Chamness, was stolen off London Bridge and pressed into service aboard a ship coming to America.**

When Billie's brother Charles was in the 6th grade, his teacher at the Dalton School was Raymond Thornburg. One day, Mr. T. was telling his class that his great-grandfather "was stolen off the London Bridge"... and Charles put up his hand to tell that his great-great-grandfather was also "stolen off the London Bridge." This led to Mr. Thornburg's coming to see Mother Lamb and the discovery that it was the same person, of the Chamness family tree...and Raymond and his son came to the Chamness family reunion in August that year at the Memorial Drive Park...and again each year for several years.

Jabez Newton's father, Nathan Baldwin, came to North Carolina then migrated to Indiana. His first wife was Malinda Hinshaw Baldwin and after her death, he had married Rachel Reynolds.

Nathan and Rachel's family were

**Jennie and Ellie** of the second marriage  
**Jabez Newton**, b. May 23, 1851; d. Nov. 1926; m. **Ruth Reynolds**, see preceding.  
**Mary Baldwin Bales**  
**Hannah Baldwin**  
**William Baldwin**



Nathan and Rachel Baldwin lived on a farm east of Dalton, across the road from the end of Bob and Elsie Peirce's lane, where the barn can still be seen and old cedars upon the hill where the house stood. It was here in this house Grandmother Bertha Lamb remembers sitting by her Grandfather Nathan at the kitchen table when a little girl and seeing the clock (Bill has now) on their mantle shelf, hearing it strike.

Mother's mother, Ruth, and father, J. Newton Baldwin, lived east of the John Mitchell farm, and the house site was almost directly across the road from Joe Bales' home now. She worked first for Lynn Lamb Beeson, daughter of Thomas Lamb (who was a brother of Bill's great-grandfather). Uncle Dillon Baldwin was working for Rufus Lumpkin's, just north of the West River Church and thought his wife, Rachel Lumpkin, would be easy to work for and had arranged for Mother to come to Lumpkins when Elmer was a boy. Mother had worked there for 2-1.2 years. "I cooked, baked bread and big batches of cookies, cakes and pies, churned, swept the big house all over with a broom, did the washing, ironing and mending — all for \$1.50 a week." "It looked big to me. \$1.50 would buy a pair of nice shoes." "I did all that work, made the men's shirts, darned socks, and mended for their family."

"I would see Harve Lamb at Grandmother Reynolds.' He was a chum of Uncle Cyrus Reynolds. Harve and Cyrus had gone hunting and came to the house for a drink. I went skiting around the house," Mother said in telling us about how she and Dad came to marry. "Cyrus asked Harve how he liked his little niece. Harve said, "Alright...she may be my wife someday."

Aunt Mary Bales rented Grandpa William M. Lamb her farm after he'd come back to Indiana from Alabama. When Mother came home from working at Lumpkins, Harve would be there waiting for her. He had a horse named "Daisy" and a buggy and took Mother Bertha for rides, joining his sister Della and her beau, Ross Hutson, in outings.

There was a double wedding for these two couples on March 10, 1904, and Mother and Dad lived first on the George Bales place [I on map]. "Uncle Dillon came in the nicest sleigh and took us to Hagerstown to buy our furniture. Dad had sold his corn, raised the previous year. For \$40, we bought a glass-door cupboard, a table and six chairs, a cook stove with 50 pieces of cooking utensils, a bed, a rocking chair and stand." "When we moved to the Lumpkins' farm on State Road 1, there were built-in cupboards in the kitchen so I used my glass-door cupboard in the bedroom. We bought rag carpets for the floors for \$8."

"Harve decided Lumpkins weren't paying him enough so he hired to Clate Taylor and we moved to Dalton, in the big 'Aunt Becky Taylor house.' Lovall was born while we lived here. Then we moved into a house on Clate Taylor's farm just north of Franklin. Harve helped build the big cement block house still standing on the farm."

Newton and Ruth Baldwin, Mom's father and mother, sold the farm northeast of Dalton and moved to Farmland. They took a property in Dalton as a \$75 partial payment. it was on the southeast corner of the Dalton intersection, with a log house. Harve and Bertha moved to the little log house. "He did day work, ditching, fencing, road and farm work. He was a good worker and always had something to do. He trapped along Nettle Creek and sold furs. Loved to go coon hunting, and to hunt ginseng, sassafras and other medicinal roots. Brought in paw-paws and other treats from his hunts, persimmons after a fall freeze."



Grandpa and Grandma Lamb moved in with Harve and Bertha in the little log house. "Grandma Lamb was proud of Lovall and thought she was such a pretty baby." Later Grandpa bought Bruner's blacksmith shop, just south of the log house, and he and dad remodeled it to live in. Grandma was ill by then of cancer and died on April 2, 1908. Mother said of her, "I missed her so bad. I felt like we'd lost the best friend we had in the world. Lovall was a year old in December and Grandma died the April after that." Mother had helped to care for her while she was ill. "William was born in October. Taft was running for President that fall. A neighbor, Clate Taylor, came to see us the next morning and said he'd heard William hollowing, 'Taft, Taft.'" Clate Taylor had the other store in Dalton, across the road.

Grandpa and Grandma Baldwin, Newton and Ruth, rented the house they'd moved to in Farmland. Uncle Irvy came along one time and took Mother and Lovall to see them. Later, they moved to "Neff" just north of Losantville. Grandpa sold religious book and had a route through the countryside, buying chickens. "One day when Dad was in Cowan in Ed Barefoot's place, he had set his case down. Ed for a joke slipped a bottle of whiskey in the Bible case so that it fell out when he'd showed someone his Bibles. But Dad knew Ed had put it there to tease him and laughed about it." Later, Grandpa and Grandma Baldwin moved to Cowan.

Dad and Mother moved in with Grandpa Lamb in June on 1910 and Ruth was born in September. "Harve helped Grandpa farm ground he rented, and he helped build bridges and roads. We had a garden and a truck patch, and a cow to milk. Farmers would give Dad their runt pigs to raise for meat. I canned vegetables and fruits, made jams and jellies. We stored potatoes, sweet potatoes, onions, apples and other things in the little dirt cellar under the house. I baked bread, churned butter, washed and ironed and mended, made all our clothes. I don't know now how I got it all done. I washed for neighbors sometimes, too, in the old rock-a-bye washer, hanging the clothes to dry on the line south of the house." Chickens and ducks provided meat and eggs for table use took, and some extra income. "I used to raise a lot of garden, set out cabbage plants, onion sets. I'd make a batch of jelly and it would soon disappear." Once, a Gypsy woman came to the door and would have liked to have some of the jelly I'd just made.

"I'd had to work hard to take care of my family. Dad and Grandpa worked hard, too, and they were big eaters. Grandpa Lamb liked cooked pumpkin to put on his bread and gooseberry pie. Dad loved coconut. He'd buy them and crack them open for the milk and eat the meat.

"Mabel was named for our Dr. Spittler's daughter. He suggested we name her Mable Marie. Mabel, Charles Elmer and then Ralph arrived to make theirs a family of six, three boys and three girls. All attended "grade school" in Dalton. Lovall went to Mooreland to high school, Bill and Ruth to Losantville H.S., driving a horse and buggy. Mabel went to Hagerstown High School one year, then finished in Cowan High School.

"I told people I'd live and die in Dalton. When Ernest wrote (1930) and wanted us to move to Cowan and care for Grandma Baldwin, I was really tickled." Uncle Ernest helped them pay for the Cowan home.

Harve found work at Barefoot's Mfg. Co nearby. In 1937-38 winter, he'd had trouble with a "carbuncle" on his back and was in the hospital. Back to work again, he



was late coming home for dinner one day in March, and was found lying by their barn, where he had fallen on the way home, of a heart failure.

Soon after this, Grandma Baldwin grew steadily worse and was bedfast most of 1940. Mabel had followed Lovall and Ruth to Dayton to get work, but came home to help take care of Grandma Baldwin, then had come to Franklin, staying with us to help care for our Lambs until well into the year, after Duane had arrived in March, then going back to Cowan to help Mother with matters there.

After Charles and Ralph were married, Mother sold the property and moved to Dayton, Ohio, buying a house on S. Blvd. Mabel went to work at National Cash Register in 1942. Mother, too, worked there awhile as a Maintenance Matron. Later they'd sold this house and moved into the Huber development on Milesburn Dr.

Lovall and John Dick were married and lived with Mother and Mabel awhile, on S. Blvd, till finding their own home on Sharon Ave. where they'd lived until John's death in '62. Lovall was ill and had surgery for a brain tumor immediately after John's funeral, then came to Milesburn Ave. to live, renting the Sharon Ave. property and sharing expenses on the upkeep of the Milesburn Ave. home. Mabel added another room to the south, and a patio soon after, making it a beautifully-landscaped, cozy home for all three.

In 1950, Mother Lamb's sister, Ethel Hudson, had a brain hemorrhage and died suddenly in Pittsburgh, Penn. Mother and Mabel had gone to Pittsburgh and brought Paul back to live with him, as his Mother had desired. Mabel and Mother became like a Mom and Grandmother to him, 12 years old when he first came. He'd gone to H.S. and graduated in 1955, then soon enlisted in the Air Force. After his four years in service, he had enrolled at Ohio University and later Eastern Illinois University for another two years of studies. He became a loved part of our Lamb family. We would see them often and Ruth and Nelson and their Ralph, Glenn and Carolyn. But about this time, Nelson had a long siege of illness and at Uncle Earl and Aunt Anna's urging, decided to move to California with a hope to find better work there. So it was about this time Mother's families had all come to S. Blvd. for a farewell get-together, before Ruth and Nelson headed westward...sorry to see them leaving! We had so enjoyed those times together...birthdays, holidays were special and celebrated at Mother's and Mabel's, or at Ruth and Nelson's on King's Hwy., or oft-times, they'd all come to Bill's and Mary's for the occasion! In August, we'd all gather at Mabel's to go to NCR's Old River Park for a Super Picnic and fun times! Mabel worked at National Cash Register until retirement age...and Mother had worked there too, the first years of living on S. Blvd. Lovall worked at Rike's Dept. Store and John drove a Dayton Light & Power truck.

Ruth and Nelson's California migration had started a series of changes. Mabel and Mother bought a new brick home on Milesburn Ave. in Huber Heights and moved there when the house was finished. Mabel worked hard and long after NCR hours, getting the lawn to flourish, trees set in, flower bed laid out and border edged. Soon, it was like a Better Homes & Garden scene and the prettiest home surroundings of their neighborhood.

Sometime after John Dick's death, Lovall moved in with Mother and Mabel, into a new addition room to the south of the garage, and the back patio was finished into an enclosed back porch. She and Mother cared for neighborhood children for a few years.



In April of 1973, Lovall was in declining health, such high blood pressure, and she was taken to the hospital April 13th, suffering from a stroke and then kidney failure. Mabel needed help when Lovall was brought home and unable to care for herself. Mother, too, was under medication and finding it hard to cope and care for herself. So it was that we, Bill and I, had spent the rest of April, May and part of July at 2224, doing what was needed to help Mabel care for ill folks, so she could keep on with her NCR work until retirement age. Lovall's health worsened and by late June she was hospitalized again, and died July 4, 1973. It was hard for Mother, and she wasn't good herself just then...but she was able to rally later and pretty much care for herself on into her 9th decade...a gall bladder surgery breezed through, and a cataract surgery...As she'd reached nearing her 95th, her health was more and more deteriorating and her care was more than Mabel could manage...but she had gone almost daily to the nearby nursing facility to help care for Mother..

Elva Stanley, a niece of Ann Anna Baldwin's (Uncle Earl's wife's niece), was herself losing health and finding it impossible to cope, continuing to live alone. After breast surgery, Mabel had moved her into Lovall's room at 2224. Later, her father, too, came to live there when he could no longer care for himself and Mabel helped Elva dispose of the home place property and contents. He too was hospitalized in the mid-1970s, and then moved to a nursing home and died there a couple years later, a few months after Elva's death.

Mother passed away in October 1980 and was brought to Hagerstown for services and burial at Nettle Creek Friends Church. It was hard for this Mary, who had loved Mother Bertha so much...to be unable to go with Bill for those sad occasions, as I was recovering at Reid Memorial Hospital in Richmond, Ind., from an Oct. 1, 1980, cancer surgery of cheek and throat problems, growing so fast, making that emergency surgery a life saving now necessity. But I'll give more about that in the following section of the Lamb Story.

Mable continued living at 2224, alone now...caring for her flowers and lawn...and caring for elderly neighbors of the area. She and friend Alice, an NCR co-worker, did some traveling together after Alice's husband's death. And so the years have flown by... Now in the 1990s, Mabel's health has deteriorated, cataract surgeries gave her partial eyesight again...then, ear problems resulted in hearing loss and now B.P. problems, and kidney failure necessitating a series of hospital stays and enrollment in a dialysis program. She would like to come back to Hagerstown to live and yet cannot leave her Lifeline treatments there, that we couldn't duplicate for her here.

Paul Hudson is like a son, still, and his family call Mabel "Grandma." He and wife Judy live in Simsbury, Conn. Oldest is Laura, now in college in Boston. Then Maria and Marc and Chris, twins they had adopted, from Managua, Nicaragua, as children...now 17 years old in 1991. It is a very busy, caring family.



### Section III Lamb's Tale — William and Mary, 1929-1988

In Section I, Mary's early life, I'd told of meeting and dating a Bill Lamb in 1928...of our marriage on May 30, 1929, and settling in the Clapper farm tenant house, the first crossroad south of Franklin, or just east from the White Branch Brethren Church...Moving to the Walter Beeson property in Dalton in 1930. Here, Dean was born Aug. 30, 1930. A series of moves just then...landlords wanting their house back, to sell, or needing it for their own family members to live in. For awhile, we had lived in Dalton with Grandpa Lamb till we could find a place in the country for rent. In 1932 spring, we'd moved to the Wisheart farm on the County Line Road and here Donna was born on Dec. 21, 1932.

Mabel and Lovall had come to stay with us just then to help me. Mabel assisted Dr. William A. Miller in Donna's delivery. She and Lovall could scarce grasp that brother Bill had a little girl. Dean's arrival hadn't phased them...a boy...that was as it should be. But Donna became their little girl, too! Lovall watched Rike's Dept. Store's remnant counter for material to bring me for shirts and dresses for the children and always special gifts at Christmas time from Aunt Mabel and Aunt Lovall. Lovall was a photographer and loved to keep us supplied with photos of the family.

In the spring of 1933, we had a chance to rent a house in Franklin, the Sylvester Billheimer property, just up the hill from the Nettle Creek Friends Church, where the Lambs had attended Sunday School and church services and mid-week prayer meetings with Mother, while they were growing up. What a happy move it was! Electricity! What a lifesaver! And a pump in the enclosed back porch instead of out in the yard somewhere! So I was all set, with an electric washer and its wringer and double tubs for rinsing laundry items...before Doyle arrived July 7, 1934. Then, too, Bill had bought me an electric refrigerator to replace the icebox. Oh Joy! No more spilling over of water from the ice box drain to mop up!

Here, in Franklin, we had the nine room house, two gardens and pasture for a cow for \$110 a year! Read it and weep, grandchildren of the '90s! There was also a chicken house, berry bushes, rhubarb bed and a big transparent apple tree that gave us makings for pies, lots of jelly and apple sauce to can for winter months.

Those were happy years! We'd loved it there on the side of the hill, overlooking the Nettle Creek Valley, with the white frame Friends Church and its cemetery just down the hill. Beyond it, James and Dottie Gordon lived, farming Sylvester's farmland. Their Phyllis was born in June 1930, before Dean arrived at our house in August. Bill had known Jim and Dottie through school days about the same age, and also attending Nettle Creek Friends services, going to Farm Bureau meetings and taking us along. Dottie and I belonged to the Home Ec club...and would often have times of visiting together and with the O'Briens...Chuck and Gladys, who lived north and west from Franklin.

The O'Briens' daughter, Ruth Ann, was a year younger than Dean and Phyllis. Mother Gladys was a cousin of Bill's Mother, in the Chamness relations. Gladys' mother, Elva Woods, and Mother Lamb were related, yes, and special girlhood friends through school days and growing up, attending Nettle Creek Church and all the Chamness and Reynolds families' special events times.



For awhile, both Chuck and Bill were working second shift at P.C. and Chuck would stop to pick Bill up...or leave his car at our house and ride with Bill to P.C., taking turns driving. The Gordons and O'Briens were such good friends those years of our living in Franklin.

In January 1937, Doris arrived and was a treasured little blonde daughter that Donna loved to help care for. Double fun now, making little girls dresses for two! Washing and ironing them just so. Thankfully, seersucker material came in style! So I could rinse out play suits and hang them on the line of summer times, while they napped of afternoons and they would be ready to put back on again of evenings for play. There was a long rope swing, an 8' x 12' sandbox at the back of the smokehouse just outside the back door. A red wagon obtained through buying their shoes at the Buster Brown Shoe Store for summertimes and sleds for winter fun. Each had chores to do and were helpers in the work of everyday living...then we could hike down the hill to watch the Spring peepers along the field pond. Then, the little frogs would come up on the grass ridge of the fence line and if we were real quiet, we could see their throats pulsate into bubbles as they sang with the Peepers Chorus. Other times, I'd go with the children on to Dottie's, for them to play with Phyllis and often on down to Nettle Creek of hot summer days to play in the water under the bridge.

About this time a Peggy Sue arrived at the O'Brien house, and a Duane, for James and Dottie. Then, March 1941, a Charles Duane to complete our Lamb Family, 10-1/2 pounds and such a happy babe, we'd called him our "Sunshine"...which shortened into Sunny and for years, that was the name friends called him by...until teen years time and he'd rebelled at that, so we'd eventually changed that habit and called him Duane, to go with Dean, Donna, Doyle and Doris.

Dean had started to school in September of 1936. He was an eager learner and had already learned to read and write and simple arithmetic. Then when Donna started in at Dalton in 1938, he'd already taught her what he'd learned at school, using their blackboard. She was an eager learner, too. They'd Ula Harrison for a 1-4 grades teacher. Ula was outstanding in her ability to make lessons interesting and to encourage each to reach their best potential! Grades were good. Ula became a very good friend to us all, and got me to sewing for her after I'd made Donna a tiny checked red and white gingham dress with a white Quaker-style collar. Ula had come to see if I would alter some of her clothes and help her get ready to go to college summer classes. She'd reminded my of the checked dress I'd made for Donna and said she "thought it adorable and that if I could make clothes like that...what she needed done should be easy for me." So began the years of sewing for Ula, till her death in the late 1980s.

With school children came the Bane of Childhood Diseases cropping up. All three, Dean, Donna and Doyle, had the old-fashioned measles in March 1938. I'd kept them in the front part of the house and Doris in the kitchen. A neighbor, Jennie Dennis, had walked north from their farm to the Franklin intersection and down the hill to see us one early afternoon and seemed so upset and ill at ease I was puzzled. Finally I understood...theirs was the nearest telephone and so it was that she had come to tell us of Bill's Father's sudden death. I just couldn't believe it. Mom and Dad had just been to see us on Sunday and he'd seemed so good...had held a feverish little Doyle almost all afternoon. Surely they'd misunderstood and it was Grandma Baldwin that lived with them and was bedridden after a very recent stroke! "No...I couldn't change



the facts of it, that he'd worked at the File Factory and was coming home for lunch...but was late and Mom went to check. Had found him in the alley by their barn where he had fallen when his heart was suddenly too tired to go on.

Dean was enough recovered from the measles that he could go with us to services for his loved Grandpa. My mother, Mrs. Nobblett, our neighbor from across the road, and Cora Cooke, her companion...had come that day to care for our splotted Lambs, and Doris in her separate part of the house. Grandma Baldwin lived three more years, to December 1940. Mother cared for her lovingly. Grandma Ruth was an Old Order Quaker lady...so precious and dear to us all. I loved to hear her talk the Quaker way, with Thees and Thys and Thous. She loved to piece quilt blocks of intricate patterns, 28 tiny triangles and squares to make some patterns up. Years later, I'd been given those sets of blocks and have made up as many into comforter covers for grandchildren, into pillows for the families to treasure...beautiful, tiny, even stitches! I'd put zippers in the backs of the pillows and pillow forms inside to preserve an easy view of grandma's sewing. Two went to California to Bill's sister Ruth and their Carolyn. Others went to Charles and Louise in Indianapolis, and to Ralph and Ruth in Muncie.

Time marches on...Older loved ones graduate from this to the "Best is Yet to Be"...and new family members and friends come on the scene to fill them in the '30s and '40s...and now.

The 1940s decade was full of changes...war time and rationing almost as bad as the 1930s Depression Years. Duane was three years old when we learned in April that Sylvester had sold our house! We had saved and hoped to buy it...but didn't have the opportunity. Or maybe it just wasn't the Plan Our Father had in Mind for us, as we trusted in His leading.

1944...Dean was graduating from Dalton School, and we were led to 199, which had been listed in the Exponent Homes for Sale column. We had followed every lead to finding a home in the country. P.C. was on full scale, three shift schedule. Families had come to find employment and there seemed to be no rural home for us just then...but there was that College Street property listing at a price we could afford, much lower than other listings. What was it? Was something wrong with it that it hadn't sold? We liked the corner location and the large expanse of lawn, the porches. Finally in June, we'd gone to talk to the Realtor, Ralph Worl...and he had brought us to see what the house was like inside. It had been a rental property for many years. Basically, it seemed in good condition but had need of much refurbishing of walls and woodwork. Electricity and water in two kitchens as the house had been divided into a double...no bath...but a path to a privy by the barn at the end of the back walk. It had features similar to the one we'd wanted in Franklin, using the S.E. second kitchen for a laundry. Yes! We could maybe just re-do it to serve our Lamb Family comfortably...it would take some work, but that we were used to! But! What about our three-year-old? Would he stay at home? I had visions of him wandering away, as he had one time that summer...Donna and Doris had come in to tell me that all of a sudden they couldn't see him anywhere!

A search again of the yard, smoke house, woodhouse, sandbox and still no Duane! Donna and Doris were sent to see if he'd gone over the crest of the alley hill along the barn, while I went to check if he'd gone out on the road...which was a



"No...No!" Sure enough, I spied him and our black and white half-grown English Shepherd, almost to the crossroads, walking on the grass along the south side of the road. I called to him and happy he had turned and headed back! As I'd gone to meet him, I'd broken off a sprig of a maple limb that had fallen from in front of Kuhn's house next door. And as we came on down the hill, I'd switched his bare legs till we'd turned a little ways into our driveway, talking to Duane and telling him that was the limit there and to stay in the yard! Our dog was very upset with me for switching Duane...he knew that wasn't a normal happening and after that, as Duane neared the end of the drive with the red wagon, the dog would keep crowding against him to get them turned into the bank of the garden on the higher level of the hill. So! No more problems...but in town...would he get headed up the sidewalk and just keep on going as Doris had done one time when we were visiting Ruth and Nelson in Dayton?? Luckily that time, a boy on a bicycle had come to Bill and Nelson. He thought he had seen that little girl and the wagon playing at Myers. Bill and Nelson were glad to find her a ways south where somehow someone had come and was just about to take her to the Police Station when Nelson and Bill arrived to retrieve her. They'd been outside but interested in their checking over their cars, they'd not noticed her wandering off from the yard full of cousins playing games and having fun. But Doris and Duane remembered those adventures and lesson learned. Duane wasn't there yet, to learn from Doris's experience, so he'd had to learn for himself to stay within bounds. Mom learned, too, to make boundary lines clearly defined, repeatedly, so each could know what was beyond limits! Seldom did we have any discipline problems.

The scene changes Aug. 16, 1944. Jimmy Gordon came with his tractor, pulling his farm wagon and racks...Chuck, too, to help load furniture, and by evening we were pretty well relocated at 199. I had things packed ahead of time and ready to go. Bless those good friends, and my Mother, for that wonderful lift they'd given us just then...Mother came again and again to help me hang new paper on the walls and enamel the woodwork fresh. The children go started in school and happily we found Ula Harrison had come to Hagerstown Elementary and would still be Doris' 3rd-grade teacher that year...and was also Duane's third grade teacher a few years later...was still there to teach Donna's children too, as they came to that grade.

Looking back, I still feel God must have saved 199, wanting us here, as part of His providing for us. Dean had always yearned to be a Boy Scout, but couldn't coax any of the Dalton area farmers to be a Leader to set up a Scout Troop. So! Now, he'd gone to see Ted Sedgwick and enrolled, Doyle too, in the Cub Scouts. Right away, too, the opportunity arose for Dean to deliver the Palladium-Item, under Mrs. Worley's supervision and later Doyle too. Now they could afford to go to the Barber Shop...no more Mom's haircuts! And soon they were buying their Scout uniforms and other needs and their school clothes, which was truly a God-sent lift for us!

Donna, and later Doris, were kept busy babysitting. They belonged to the Girl Scouts and 4-H groups. Life at 199 was anything but dull! Duane did stay in his own yard...and most of the other young folks of the neighborhood on through the years. Most of the time in later years, the croquet court occupied the west half of the back yard...badminton net in the east side. Canasta and Monopoly games, etc., through a good supply of choices. Bill would play with them, sometimes there were three card tables set up in the living room. Mom kept busy popping corn, serving Kool-Aid or



lemonade...or making fudge or fresh Snickerdoodles that vanished as fast as they'd come out of the oven. We enjoyed our Teen Canteen!

In 1944, a Becker family had also moved north of us on Pearl St. Donna and Doris and I had gone the next house beyond to visit cousins and coming home had noticed this new family had a young man about Dean's age. He was swinging in the front porch swing, looking so sad and unhappy. My heart went out to him. And I was glad when he had come in with Dean after school a few days later. I had baked bread that day and a 10"x14" pan of cinnamon rolls, just out of the oven, that I'd served the Lamb young'uns, and this Jack Becker. That was the norm for our young folks but Jack was extra hungry. Later, I'd realized that Papa Perry had just married a Ruth, not Jack's mother, and they'd a minimum of furniture and appliances to begin with. She was the dearest person and we had become good friends. Jack would stop in with Dean after school and sit patiently watching Dean build his model planes, talking about school events and laughing and teasing, or he'd go out to the barn of evenings, where Bill would be working away, sharpening lawn mowers or fixing bicycles. "Fix-It Shop" the sign outside read, and for several years he'd had so much waiting on him when he'd come home from 8 hours at PC that I'd wonder if he could ever get it all done. It was a busy time for me, too, as folks stopped by any time, early or late, to leave mowers, bicycles, clocks to be fixed...knives and scissors to be sharpened. He'd work till 10 p.m. or so of springtimes. We'd make two payments on our house and soon had it paid for.

Ralph Worl got all the needed paperwork done and what a joy...at last, we owned our own home...a dream come true! Then he suggested that he could loan the amount back to us but we had decided to proceed with improvements as we had, as we could afford it. Ralph Knorpp helped Bill put in a bathroom in a nook off the front bedroom. Yeah! Another dream come true! Then Mr. Worl sent word that he had an electric Westinghouse range that Mrs. Worl had used for a year but wanted to trade it for one with two ovens. For \$100, we'd get the stove and a pressure cooker. We gave Mother Smalley my porcelain Perfection Kerosene range and we both learned a bit different way of cooking. Such a help!

1948 and graduation from H.H.S. for Dean and Jack. Dean had been working part time at Cartmell's Hardware Store and now he worked there full time, had his own car for prom dates and later to haul his model planes and gear to fly them. Oft times, he would bring home the pieces from their crashes and whistle away as he glued and mended them back together. How could he do that? It was Mom that was near tears seeing those wrecks.

Doyle, too, began working part time at Hagerstown Hardware. It was about this time in the spring of 1949 that Harold Hilbert invited Dean to come to Sunday School at the "Brick Church." Harold was working in the Kroger store, next door to Hagerstown Hardware. Dean did go quite regularly for Sunday School, Jerry Ulrich going with him often. Donna and Doris had gone with Marcella Hardwick to the Christian Church Sunday School where Marcella was children's superintendent. But now, Doyle and then Donna and Doris began going with Dean to the Brick S.S. and we had gone to the Easter Breakfast. Oscar Werking was pastor then at the Brick. He and Josie had come to call one afternoon. And wouldn't you know, it was the one time I had put on a pair of pants to climb up on the roof to clean the gutters of the high



eaves troughs and paint them! But I had appreciated their visit. I had so many memories of going with Grandpa and Grandma to Communion Love Feast times, when we'd had to come in the buggy. Coming too for Revivals at the Brick Church, at Locust Grove and White Branch. I'd given my heart to the Lord at a White Branch revival when I was 8 years old...but Grandpa held my arm and wouldn't let me go forward...so it wasn't till 1933 that I was able to renew that commitment when Lewis Deardoff was pastoring at the Brick Church and during the Revival week I had written to this cousin and confided my long-time desire for Baptism.

We had been attending the Nettle Creek Friends Church and were being urged to become members there but the memories of Jesus' Baptism and His washing of the Disciples' feet saying, "Do this in remembrance of Me"...their meal together in the Upper Room. As I listened to Friends teaching that one be baptized in the Blood of Christ and water baptism was not necessary...I'd read the New Testament over and over and felt need for baptism. So Lewis had come with the evangelist to Franklin to see us and arranged to include me with the other converts being given Baptism after the Revival. We had gone to several of those evening meetings with Mother Smalley. She had been a member of Buck Creek Church for many years. I was told it was OK to continue attendance at the Nettle Creek Church, which was just down the hill then. So at that time of the early '30s and on to moving to Hagerstown, the children were given awards for regular attendance. Dean and Donna had accepted Jesus at a Revival while Wilbur Beeson and Miriam pastored there.

But now in 1950 we were all going to the Nettle Creek Brethren Church, which was "the Brick's" new name. Donna and Eloise were baptized and then in October 1951, Bill, Doyle, Doris and Duane also became members through baptism.

Dean and best friend Jack Becker had decided to enlist in the Air Force and were off for Lackland AFB in Texas in September 1950...then to Denver for schooling, after Basic Training...and back again to the San Antonio area, to Randolph AF Base.

Easter of 1951 I was given the lead in planning and serving the Easter Breakfast. So it was that I was in the Nettle Creek Church basement as the CBYF young folks group were setting the tables. I was at the cupboard getting out the dishes for them to put in place, and the silverware...when I'd glanced over to the end of a table where Donna was showing a young man how to fold the napkins and seemed to be enjoying doing it together...Soon I noticed him unfold and stand up...so tall! Not one of our CBYF group! Later, I'd learned he was from the Buck Creek Church youth Group and they had met at Brethren area CBYF meetings...a nice looking young man, son of Clint and Laura Swoveland, that were neighbors of our Deardorff Family northeast of Mooreland...So when a tan Studebaker circled our block that Easter Sunday and stopped at the front walk...I wasn't surprised to note it was that same young man catching my attention the previous evening...When Donna came in to ask if he might come in and have dinner with us, I'd no qualms about granting permission to "Lynn Swoveland" when we were introduced...and he'd come often as 1951 sped on by. Draft age approaching, he was inducted into the Army and there was a wedding at the Buck Creek Church on Oct. 1st, 1951. Donna continued working at PC and staying here at home. Lynn hitch-hiked from the Kentucky base as often as he could get away to come for a Saturday night, and we'd take him to Westfield to catch a ride back to Base Sunday afternoon. Then the news that he was to go to a Base near Fairbanks, Alaska!



He had called, enroute, from Seattle...and then letters began shuttling back and forth...and soon Donna was determining to draw out her savings from the bank and go to Fairbanks, which she did in June 1952.

Our own private world was falling apart, with our family going off in so many different directions...Doyle already planning to go to Purdue University after graduating from HHS in '52.

So I was that we had taken Doyle to West Lafayette in late August for orientation week for Purdue freshmen of '52. It was so hard for Mom to leave him there in all the awesome unfamiliar surroundings. But, as with Donna, I could only give them, in prayer, to our Father's loving care, and trust Him to watch over each of our Lambs and our Swovelamb Lynn, now all so far from home! What a lot of letter writing...keeping in touch! I was busy, too, helping care for elderly neighbors or neighboring mothers with new babes and caring for their older brothers and sisters...babysitting...serving for our needs and a constant stream of items of clothing brought to me by townsfolk for alterations, mending, etc. So I'd not had much time to brood and fret over our Missing Lambs.

There was the added interest just now of the assisting with vacation church school, and Sunday School classes. Pastor Oscar Werking's health was declining and a cloud nearing of necessary changes in the church's leadership. For 28 years, Oscar had served in Free Ministry and Josie was a leader in teaching efforts and the Women's Fellowship and Ladies Aid. But the time came that Oscar was feeling unable to continue and Josie came to Council Meeting with the request that we find a Pastor to take his place...recommending a Lester and Elna Fike who had been at the East Dayton Church for several years and were wanting a pastoral change. With the Brotherhood recommending too that it be a change to a salaried pastorate, the church members were quite at odds in deciding how to proceed...with little faith that finances could be managed.

Brother and Sister Fike came to Nettle Creek and he'd preached a "trial sermon"...and the debate continued till Council Meeting to seriously consider calling Lester and Elna to serve at NCCB...wavering toward looking further for someone asking a lesser salary. I had liked them so much, and arose to express just that, and where the idea came from or how I'd been able to express it so convincingly, I'm not sure! But I'd compared this with my experience in shopping for Doris' Prom dress. We had found just what we'd like to have, the very first one we'd taken from the rack for her to try on...but it was more in price than I had planned. Yet the material was a durable quality that would not fade or shrink and could be laundered repeatedly, instead of having to be sent to the dry cleaners. So I'd paid the extra gladly. Later, as we'd gone on past another department store window, we had spied a pretty dress for half that price and I'd wondered if I should have looked further before buying...so I'd gone to look at it closer. It wasn't as durable a material and was already a bit frayed. It would not have been washable! So I was glad I'd made that first choice...and after a year of wearing, it is yet as pretty as when we first saw it. Brother and Sister Fike came to us well recommended and evident of durable first quality from the Record of Service at former churches...I felt we would be sorry if we failed to make that first choice. The vote was taken, then, and was almost unanimous to call them to our Fellowship! A parsonage house was rented for them in Hagerstown and they'd come in



September 1954. Work was under way building the present parsonage. They had served well and wherever needed in teaching classes, helping with vacation church school, were always at "Aid" meetings, Edna helping, every Wednesday then from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. or so...and Lester coming to eat lunch with us...encouraging each one and inspiring us all. They had worked at interesting Junior Highs and Youth till there was an active large CBYF, participating in area groups, as well as with other church youth classes of the community. Membership rose and also the attendance records to the highest ever, before or since.

As they'd come into the service here at NCCB, I'd surprisingly been chosen as children's superintendent! Bro. and Sis. Fike took me with them to training sessions, loaned me books to study...answered all the questions I came up against and seemed to know just the right logical course to undertake. Still folks would say, "That may have worked in Dayton but it won't work here!" So, eventually, came the heart breaking pastorate termination in 1959.

But now I'll go back to our own Lamb story and 1954. Doris was graduating from H.H.S. and was enrolled in Nurses Training at Miami Valley Hospital in Dayton, so Aunt Mabel and Mother would be near if needed. A very busy summer getting her ready to go to Dayton for Fall Classes.

Lynn and Donna had come home from Alaska in April '53...had made it safely through the 'spring thaw' bad places of the Alcan Highway...and in record time! I'd felt for sure that God had watched over them, especially when we found that Donna was six months pregnant...and happily no bad effects from that long and not overly-smooth ride. Donald Joseph Swoveland arrived Sept. 6, 1953. Our first grandchild and so dear to us!

Dean and Jack had served their four years in the AF by September 1954 and a Happy Homecoming for each. Perry and Ruth Becker had moved to North Manchester, Ind., to manage a Coast-to-Coast Hardware store...so Jack settled in at his loved grandparents home in Indianapolis...but came quite often for weekends to 199...working now for a Navy Electronics Supply Co. Here he met a very dear Marilyn that became Mrs. Jack Becker April 21, 1956.

Dean worked at PC that fall and early winter, enrolled to begin classes in aeronautical engineering at Purdue at mid-term...so now there were both Dean and Doyle there, and coming home with a carload of laundry each at any holiday or school break time. Thankfully, Santa Claus had brought me G.E. Automatic twins, washer and dryer, for Christmas! They were really appreciated and had a good workout each time the boys came home. Doyle had met a Miss Ellen Lehman of Bloomington, I.U., who came to visit her sister Alice at Purdue. So! He was wanting his laundry done first and NOW, if not sooner!, so he could go on to Bloomington to see Miss Ellen. P.U. students then had to wear slacks, white shirt and tie to go for their meals...so all shirts were starched, dampened and ironed...no Perma-Press as yet! I'd begin putting clothes through the washer and dryer as soon as Doyle arrived home and ironed most of the night to get his clothes ready to go on with him. Darning took a little longer and I'd have to send socks and mended slacks to him by Dean. I'd get Dean's last shirt done, just in time usually to pack them for him to take back with him. God somehow gave me the strength to get it all done! And keep up with the ever-growing needs of



directing the children's education efforts at NCCB., children's enrollment now over 100, and attendance fairly regular. "Larger classrooms needed!"

By this time, a Linda Mary had arrived at Lynn and Donna's house, March 14th, 1955...Then a Nancy Ellen Sept. 26th, 1956. Such precious little girls to keep our Donnie Joe company, though he would rather have had "a brother!" In November '56, too, Doris was now working at Perfect Circle, the dream of being a nurse a bursted bubble when school officials thought she just didn't have the knack for it...but God had a way in mind of using that years' nurses training. Lorraine Eilar worked at PC with Doris just now, and invited her to come to their house to meet a young man who had been their son-in-law Dick Land's friend while he and this Harry Brown from W. Illinois were in the Marines together. Home from military service now, Dick and their daughter Rita had married and were living in an adorable little house on the home property on Farmers Pike. Harry was at home on RR 1, Meredosia, Ill....and working at the nearby National Starch Plant on a rotating shift schedule...days, 2nd shift and after midnight shift completed, he'd have a three-day interval that he'd often spend with the Eilars. They were teasing Harry about finding him a girlfriend here...and so it was that Doris was invited to a Thanksgiving party and he'd come to 199 for her again...a trip back to Indiana at Christmas. Grandpa Brown said, "Well, that's the end of that! He never goes to see a girl more than twice." But a letter came before long, inviting us to come to Meredosia, with Doris, to meet Clarence and Elenena and the sister Barbara and husband there. We did go, in mid-February, and enjoyed it very much, though not realizing Doris would eventually be going there to live. However, it did turn out so. There was a wedding at Nettle Creek Church of the Brethren on Easter Sunday, April 21, 1957. Doyle and Ellen had married Feb. 23 that year after Doyle finished Purdue at mid-term...and they had gone to Mishawaka to live...Doyle working for the Bendix Corp. Dean and Phyllis came from Lafayette for both weddings and we, in turn, had gone to Lafayette June 2, 1957, for their wedding at the Brethren Church there. They continued to live there in an apartment till Dean finished classes in his aeronautical engineering course in '58...then he had taken a job with Boeing Aircraft in the Seattle area, where he continues working yet in 1991. But there was an interval of being liaison person in Huntsville, Ala., and then in New Orleans, coordinating NASA's needs and Boeing's supplying those needs. In 1972, they had gone back to the Seattle area and bought a home in Bellevue, Wash., on Cougar Mountain.

Meanwhile, Doyle and Ellen had moved to South Bend and then to Decatur, Ill., as he had taken a position with AW Cash Value plant as chief engineer. They continue to live in Decatur. Bryan Jay, Kevin James, and Jane Ellen came to their happy home to keep it lively. Now they are young adults of 33, 32 and 23 years of age. Patty and Bryan have been married 10 Air Force years...3 years in Germany and now at Shaw AFB in Sumter, S. Carolina. They have Bryan Jay Jr. ("B.J."), 10 in October 1991. Angela...6 years old...and Kathryn Elizabeth, 1-1/2 years old, a red/gold haired little sweetheart...Bryan was in Saudi two months from mid-February to two days before Easter in March. Much missed and a Happy Homecoming!

Doris and Harry, too, continued living in Meredosia, Ill....Harry still working at National Starch in the water treatment division, now monitoring safety to discharge waste water into the Illinois River. David and Sheila live in Springfield, Ill., and have



two handsome young men, Christopher, 8, and Ryan, 3. Debbie is Mrs. Don Ivy and are living in Meredosia. Danny and Cindy are finishing Baptist Bible College studies in Louisville, Ky. Joshua Paul, 2, and Adam Daniel, 5 months., keep things from getting dull for them. Timothy Paul is at home and working in Jacksonville, Ill. James also lives in Meredosia, with Niccole, 6, Phillip, 4, and Jacob Tyler, 2, to keep James from getting lonesome.

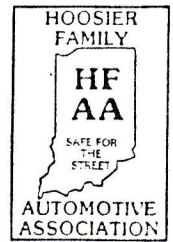
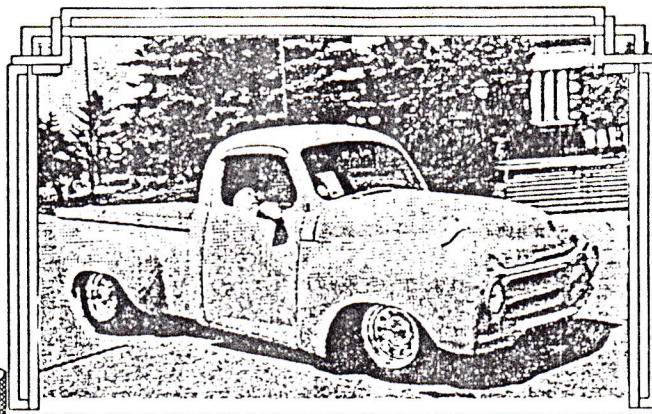
Our Charles Duane that I call Duane, but who is known as Chuck by his friends, graduated from HHS in 1959 and worked at PC Distribution Plant. Married Mary Francis Bryant in December 1962...Their Beverly Sue graduated from I.U. in Bloomington and found work at IBM in Connecticut, was wed in October 1990 and is now Mrs. John Piccirillo of Milford, Conn. Mark and Brenda live in Speedway in Indianapolis and he works for Taylor Pump Co. Their Monica is 5 years old Dec. 10, 1991...and adorable wee miss!...quite petite but very bright and self-assured, creative, and a dear! A second grandchild arrived May 4th, for Nila Beth and Brad to treasure and Grandma Fran...and grandma Mary D. Unhappy, Mary Frances and Duane were divorced April 13, 1973. In December, he and Mary D. were married and came to see us, Michael, John and Daniel, new grandsons for us. A nice surprise and much loved.

Two of my Lamb family are missing now, and that is hard to write about. Husband Bill had developed Parkinsons in 1971, first noticed...that had gradually worsened and other ailments showing up...a brain tumor, hernia repairs necessary, then prostate problems and a weakening heart that was too tired to keep on beating, so suddenly, the afternoon on July 14, 1988. Then Duane, too, was suddenly stricken Dec. 27, 1990, at 49 years. Such a shock to everyone! Mary D. and the boys continue to live on R. 1, Shelbyville, in the country home Duane had loved. Each one of Duane's families are so precious to Grandma...and he is sorely missed by Mom and those family members.

### **Length of Life**

We measure not a man's real life  
By years from death to birth,  
But by the ones who loved him when  
He sojourned on this earth,  
So while there lives somewhere someone  
Who loves the memory bright  
Of deeds and thoughts of him whose soul  
Has winged its last great flight,  
He liveth on and ever will!





## Chuck Lamb Memorial Charity Run Old Metamora, Indiana

**Sunday May 19, 1991**

**Show Site: MacLyn Museum and Campground US 52 at Metamora, Indiana**

**Entry Fee: \$5.00 Donation**

**Registration Day of Show**

**8AM - 12 Noon (EST.)**

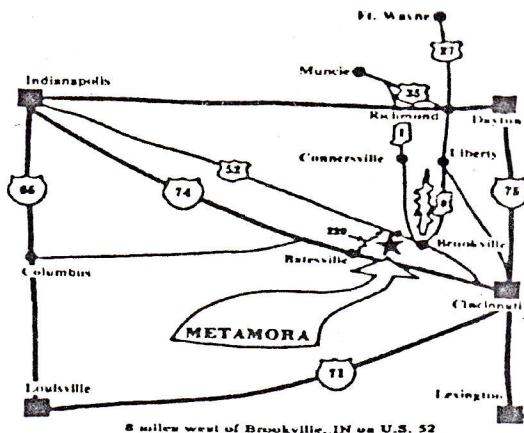
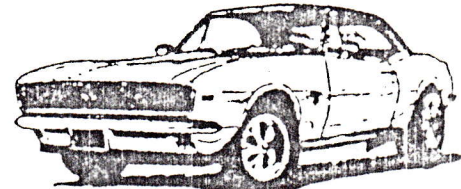
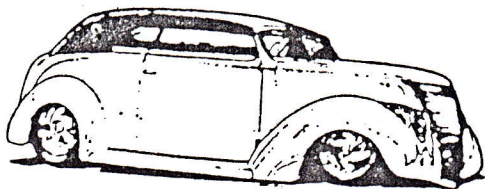
**Dash Plaques To 1st 200 Cars**

**Awards Judged By Donations**

**Open To All Makes & Years**

**Net Proceeds Donated To:**

**Havan Childrens Center  
Shelbyville, Indiana**



**For Show Information**  
**Marty Coon (317)244-1095**  
**Indianapolis**  
**Mary Lamb (317)398-4270**  
**Shelbyville**  
**Tom Sand (812)379-2149**  
**Columbus**

**Sponsored By**  
**Hoosier Family Automotive Association**  
**MacLyn Museum and Campgrounds**





**Bill's Family:**  
 Bill            Lovall  
 Mabel        Ruth



**Bill and Mary Lamb**



**Harve Lamb**



**Bertha Baldwin Lamb**

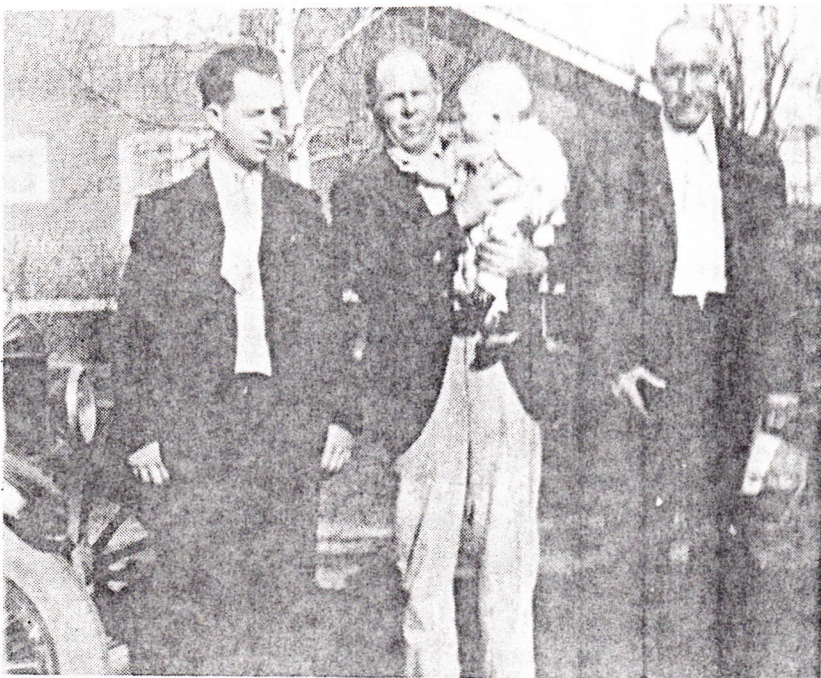




**Jabez Newton and Ruth Reynolds Baldwin**



**Mother, Bertha Smalley, holds me on her lap. Behind us are her sisters, Olive Wise and Elizabeth Wise.**

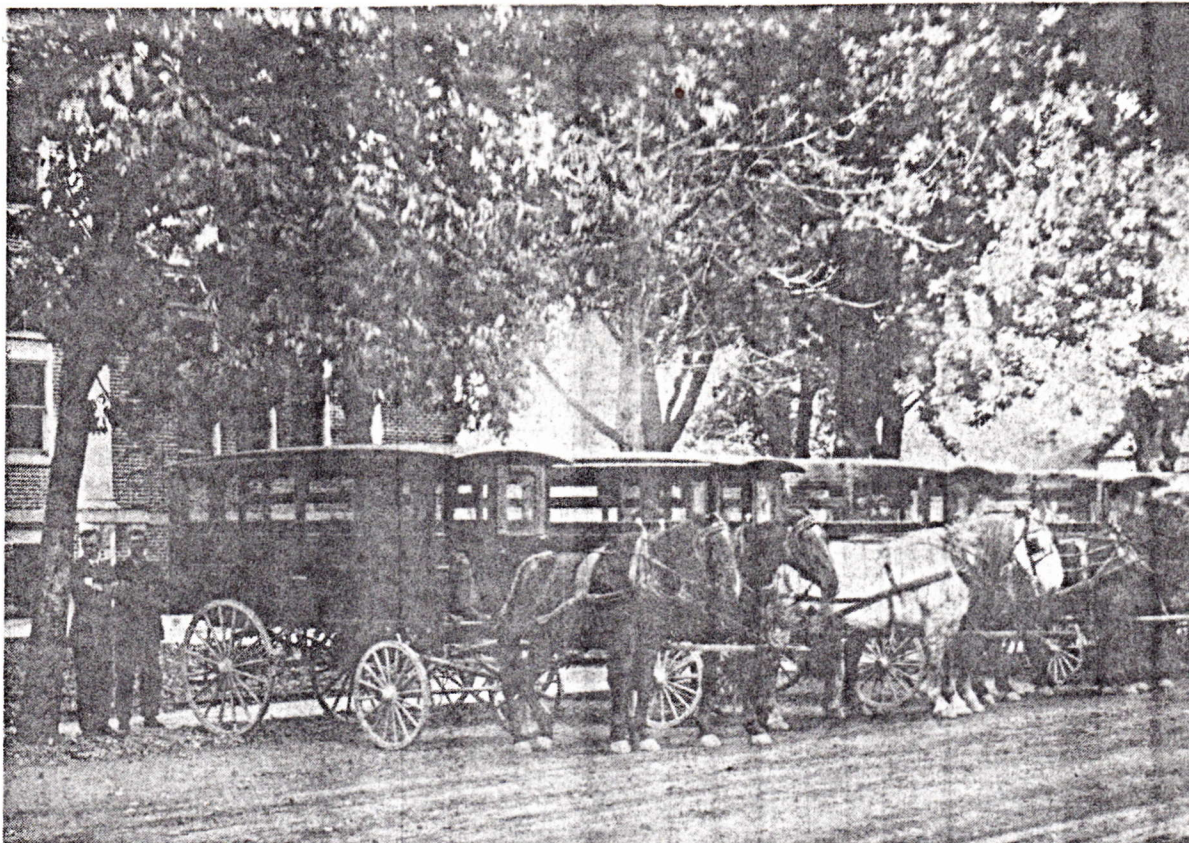


**4 Generations: William Lamb, Harve Lamb, and Grandpa William M. Lamb, with Harve holding Dean.**



**Mary Smalley feeds one of the lambs whose mother wouldn't let it nurse.**





**THIS WEEK'S Photo Album is of School Hack Circa taken in approx. 1915 with Carl Bailey, Fountain City, in line-up at Fountain City School.**

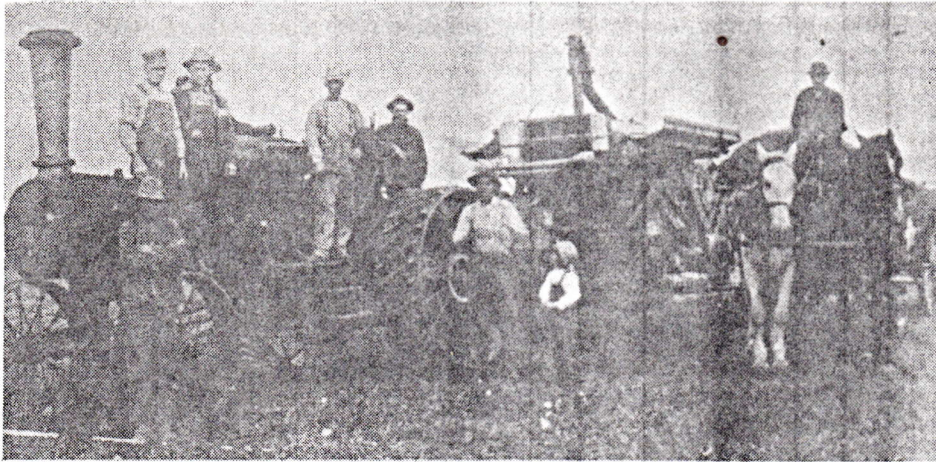
1918 to early 1920s, Ashland School had a team drawn "hack" to bring pupils to school...driven first by Charley Loer and then by Richmond Cooper.



**What a woman would go through for curly hair!  
(Reminds me of my first perm, 1925. "OUCH!")**



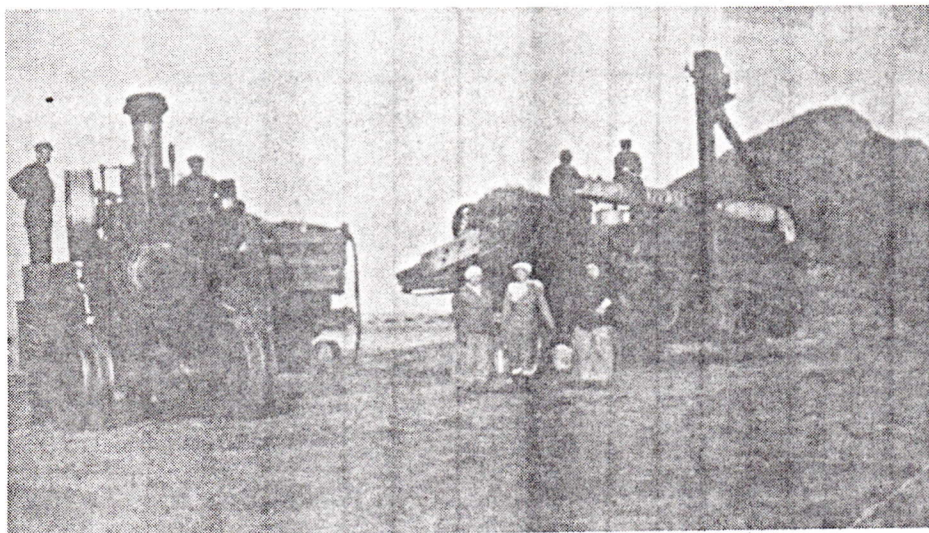
# Threshing Back in 1910



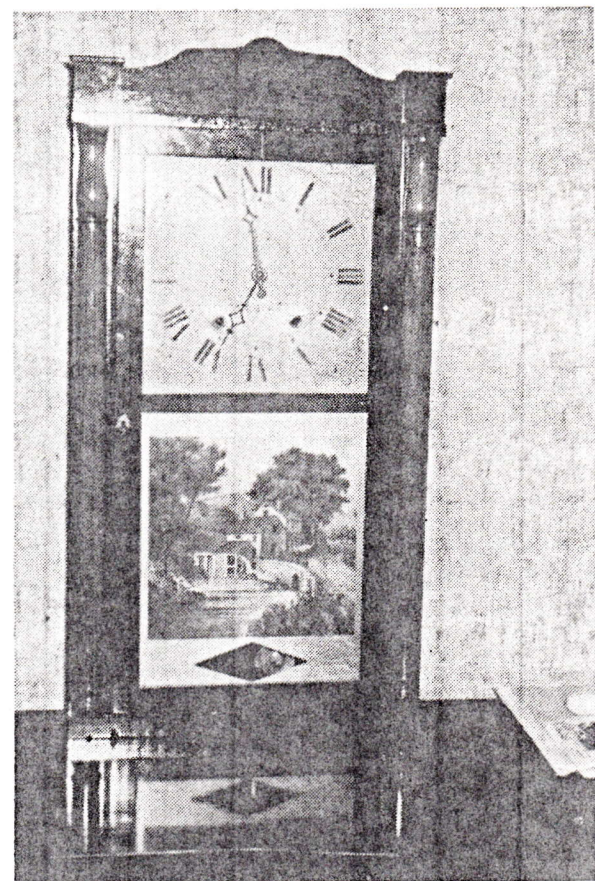
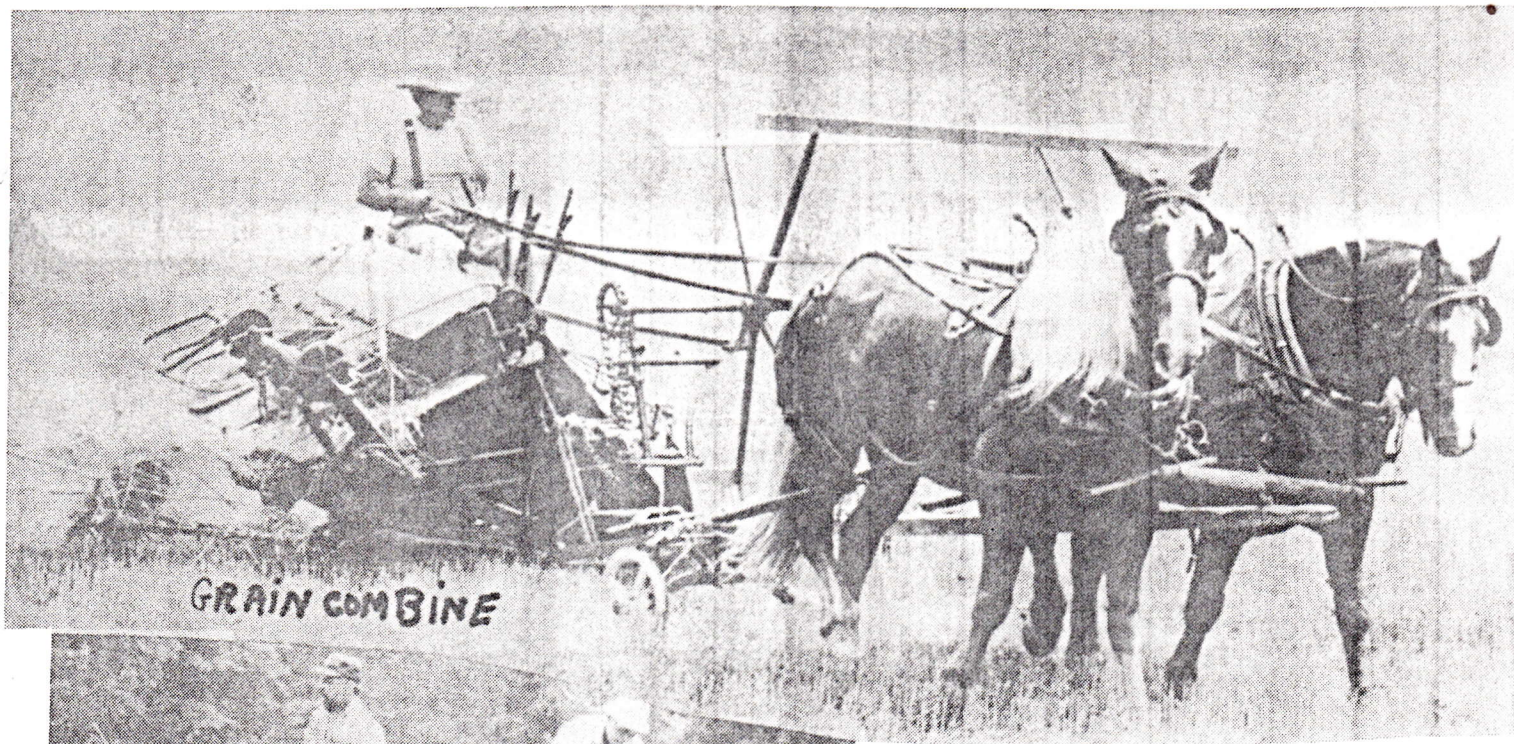
Getting lined up. Ole Hanson's Steam threshing outfit on a 1910 farmstead. These engines burned straw. The man doing the firing was called a straw monkey.



Grandfather in the Wheat Field — 1911.





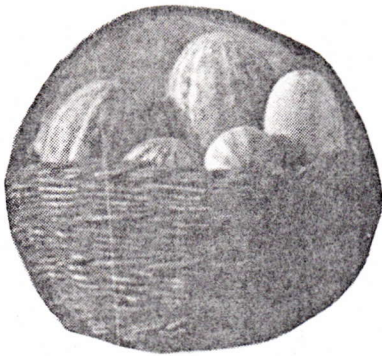


This clock was Bill's mother's grandparent's, mentioned in her age 4 memories of being at Grandpa's house. It has wooden works. Our oldest son repaired it in 1957, fitting in missing gear parts and had it keeping good time, and it still is today.

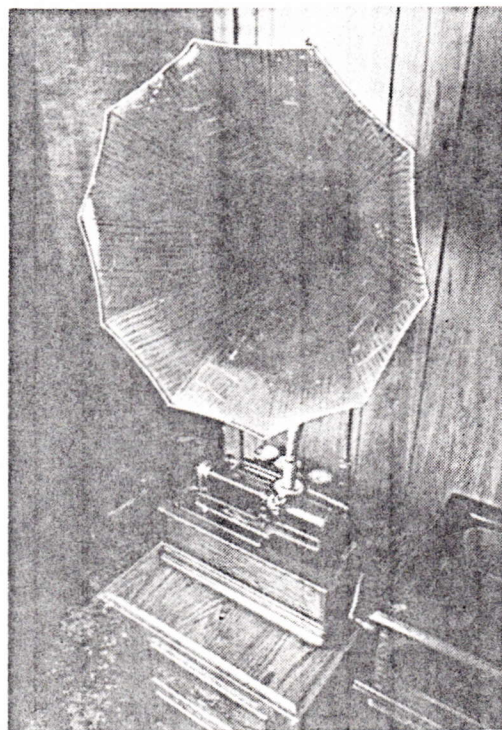




Hardware store showing hard coal burner heating stoves.



Bushel basket...used in carrying feed to stock....produce from garden or truckpatch...



Grandpa's Edison Gramophone & cylinder record.



Coal bucket chore.